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LIFE

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Progress

EVERY institution progresses in stages, and after each forward step, there is a readjustment period. In the case of Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux Junior College, the first step was the introduction of the advanced classes; after this came the amalgamation of these new groups into the school as a whole. Now this first milestone has been passed, and the transitional stage is behind. The Junior College is now an integral part of the new organization instead of a separate division apart from the high school activities.

The Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux Junior College is setting a new standard in the field of advanced vocational education. It does not duplicate the lower classes of college, but is designed primarily to provide for the needs of the student who wishes to prepare for his life work with suitable vocational training. It is planned to be ultimately a four-year institution containing the last two years of high school and the first two years of college work; but as the San Francisco junior high schools include only the first year of high school, it will still be necessary to receive tenth grade students, who are called preliminaries.

In keeping with the rapid strides which the institution has made, many progressive innovations were introduced. The first, and perhaps the most important, is the new library in the Wilmerding Building, called the Language and Literature Laboratory. Formerly, reference texts and other material pertaining to the different courses were segregated according to their departments. This is still true to some extent, but the most extensive collections, namely, the language and literature texts, are now combined in the new library. This library, located on the top floor of the Wilmerding

Building, is different from other libraries in that it is really a laboratory, where, as in other laboratories, the subject at hand may be thoroughly investigated. To facilitate easy accumulation of material, every convenience has been included. Many complete sets of encyclopedias and reference books are provided. Here is housed the Taussig Memorial Library. Dictionaries placed at convenient desks, and large tables provided with the necessary supplies help in preparing reports for trade or technical courses. Opening directly from this laboratory are two large and well-equipped English classrooms.

In the Lick Building numerous changes have been made. As it is planned to provide every shop with an adjoining lecture-room, the machine shop has been enlarged, with many new pieces of large and expensive machinery added. The other shops have been increased in size, and the mechanical and freehand drawing departments have an extra classroom apiece.

At Lux, the old columned roof has been entirely changed. In the middle of the space formerly open to the sky, a penthouse, which houses the art department, has been constructed. The enclosed end, scene of innumerable class luncheons, is now completely rebuilt into a room for craftwork. The extra classrooms released by these changes are now being used for other courses in connection with the new Junior College. Last year, many new features were introduced, such as the new playground and club house, and the medical and dental assistants' courses.

These changes have already been made. Further changes, improvements, and revisions will doubtless follow as the needs arise, but always the Junior College is continually moving forward to its ultimate goal—increasing usefulness in the practical training of young men and women.

Lick and Lux Trustees

THE FIRST SUCCESSION



FRANK J. SYMMES



CHARLES A. MURDOCK



EDWARD B. POND

FROM time to time successive issues of the L.W.L. LIFE have contained articles regarding the founding of these schools, including biographies of the Founders and of the men and women who were chosen by the Founders to inaugurate the work of the schools and launch them on their destinies. It would now seem appropriate to recall the names of those who, one by one, succeeded the original trustees and guided the schools through a second epoch, until they themselves passed on to the long journey and higher rewards. Their individual biographies have already been published, in recognition of the services rendered by them, but this series of articles would be incomplete without a grouping of their names to mark the period midway between the establishment of the schools and the reorganization through which they are now passing.

The year 1900 witnessed the passing of two members of the Lick Board—the kindly, lovable John O. Earl and the sturdy Andrew S. Hallidie—and the resignation of Dr. Horatio Stebbins. Their successors ranked foremost among the energetic, public-spirited citizens of San Francisco.

Frank J. Symmes, a graduate of Annapolis, who had long been identified with industrial, mercantile and financial interests of the community, and a leader in civic affairs, succeeded Mr. Earl.

Charles A. Murdock, proprietor of a large printing establishment bearing his name; an intimate friend of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and himself an able writer; frequently elected to membership on the San Francisco Board of Education, the Board of Supervisors, and the Civil Service Commission, and always maintaining an enviable record of fairness, honesty and ability, succeeded Mr. Hallidie.

Edward B. Pond, financier, business leader, and Mayor of San Francisco—an office which he filled with marked ability and dignity—succeeded Dr. Stebbins.

John O. Harron, founder of the firm of Harron, Rickard and McCone, succeeded James Spiers, whose biography appeared in the issue of June, 1930. By all who knew Mr. Harron he was respected as a man who carried into his business dealings and the fulfillment of his civic obligations the fine code of ethics which characterized his private life.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, the only woman who has served on the Lick Board, succeeded Mr. Pond. She was also a member of the Lux Board. In every way Mrs. Hearst



JOHN O. HARRON



PHOEBE A. HEARST



CHARLES H. BENTLEY

was a marvelous woman; perfectly bred; thoroughly democratic and unspoiled by the wealth that she enjoyed; untiring in her efforts to help other people; and beloved of all.

It was a mark of distinction for Charles H. Bentley that he should be the one to succeed Horace Davis, who was the last of the original trustees named by James Lick and who had been the guiding spirit of the school over a period of forty years. Mr. Bentley became a member of the Board in 1919 and died in 1923, in the prime of a business career which had been marked by outstanding success as one of the proprietors of the California Fruit Cannery Association, afterwards merged into the California Packing Corporation.

On the Lux Board Mr. Davis and Mrs. Hearst took the places of trustees whose biographies were sketched in the article which appeared in the December 1928 number of the LIFE. Taking their places on the Lux Board just as the school was established and being identified with both schools, the value of the service rendered by them was enhanced to a degree vastly beyond any acknowledgment which might be uttered by those on whom the fruits of their beneficence have been, and in years to come will be, bestowed through these schools.

Mr. Rudolph J. Taussig, whose biography appeared in the June 1922 number of the LIFE, became a member of the Board in 1906, when the number of trustees was increased from five to seven. In 1916 he succeeded Mr. Davis as President of the Board.

Mr. John D. Galloway came on the Board in 1906, along with Mr. Taussig, and in 1922 he succeeded Mr. Taussig as President. Mr. Galloway was one of the early members of the Lick faculty until he established the engineering firm bearing his name.

In addition to Mr. Galloway, the Board, as now constituted, includes: Mr. Guy C. Earl, President of Great Western Power Co.; Mr. James K. Moffitt, Vice-President Crocker First National Bank; Mr. William A. Magee, President of Thomas Magee and Sons; Mr. Arthur H. Markwart, Lick '99, Vice-President and Chief of Engineering, Pacific Gas and Electric Co.; Mr. Charles W. Merrill, President Merrill Mining and Metallurgical Co.; Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, President Pacific Electric Manufacturing Co.

Geo. A. Merrill



GRADUATES



31X Class History

ANOTHER class has come to the end of the trail in these schools. Some of its members will go on to college; others feel that they have learned enough to enable them to go directly into the business world. The students have all profited during their stay; they have learned enough of academic subjects to carry them on; they have learned to use their hands in various trades; in short, they appear qualified to graduate at this time.

Under Mr. Mighall, the boys were put to work with pick and shovel as soon as they arrived. Aside from reorganizing the physical aspect of the Lick building, they provided the usual amusement to the rest of the school and the upper-classmen. From the scrubs Stanley Edwards and Gertrude Pearson were chosen vice-presidents and they curbed the overflow of first year enthusiasm. The girls numbered only seventeen, but the boys had a very large class of which only the best remnant remains, of course. They saw Kipp coming and he got the job of secretary.

“Red” Graham and Evelyn Christopherson directed the next term with Smith and Gertrude Pearson keeping the records. The class had its first luncheon, a big success, that term. The Lux class won the volley-ball championship, showing its remarkable talent, surpassing all others from the start.

As low sophomores, Howard Plagge and Gertrude Pearson were the “big guns,” assisted by secretaries Pierre Zucco and Loretta Carlson. Lux was terribly upset when the lowly low sophomores won the baseball championship. Zucco earned a place on the Lick track team.

Evelyn Flanagan and Earl Kipp were the next lucky presidents. Gertrude Pearson was secretary a second time and Graham began to be secretary at Lick. The class arranged a successful trip to Big Lagoon and Muir Woods. Adami, Plagge, Guaraldi, and Zucco were the athletic heroes this term.

Juniors! Upper-classmen! That exhilarating feeling of superiority! Hazelwood and Theodosia Fontana were presidents. Graham slept through the job of secretary at Lick, while Lillian Sidery kept the Lux arguments. The class, as juniors, entertained a very meager freshman group at Lake Lagunitas.

Plagge and Irene Raffo presided over the high juniors, while Hazelwood and Lillian Sidery were secretaries. Bakly, Hughes, Plagge, Guaraldi, and Kipp won places on the teams. Kipp talked himself into the job of student body secretary.

The low seniors entrusted the position of presidents to Bob Carr and Edythe Corbella and of secretaries to Guaraldi and Evelyn Christopherson. Kipp and Carr were elected vice-president and historian of the student body. Tsapralis, Adami, Bakly, Plagge, and Kipp went out for athletics. The Lux class reached the semi-finals in the baseball race. Age began to tell.

Adami and Alice Peverini were installed as presidents after years of trying. Carr and Thelma Buhr were the hard-working secretaries at the joint assemblies. The Senior Dance was held at the St. Francis Hotel, and the Graduation at the Women's City Club.



Alice L. Peverini
Sewing

Thelma V. Buhr
Costume Design

Mervin A. Kert
Electric Shop

Lillian H. Sidery
Academic

Bruno Guaraldi
Polytechnic

John C. Tsapralis
Chemistry

Evalyn M. Hinrichs
Costume Design

Juanita Vierick
Salesmanship

Charles C. Rich
College Preparatory

Theresa M. Arlie
Interior Decorating

Marie M. Wolters
Nursing

George G. Hughes
Electric Shop

Alex. E. Almcrants
Architectural
Drafting

Evelyn M. Ferguson
Academic

T. Stanley Edwards
College Preparatory

Howard W. Plagge
Architectural
Drafting

Loretta A. Carlson
Costume Design

Helen Sjoberg
Salesmanship

Henry J. Teza
Architectural
Drafting

Evelyn E. Flanagan
Institutional
Management



College Division



William J. Adami
Architectural
Drafting

Irene Raffo
Polytechnic

John N. Bakly
Architectural
Drafting

Julia Kinavey
Recreation Course

Margaret I. Morehart
Institutional
Management

Richard F. Lankenau
Electric Shop

Evelyn Christopherson
Costume Design

Dorothy McNulty
Recreation Course

John R. Carr
College Preparatory

Paloma V. Williams
Polytechnic

Earl M. Kipp
College Preparatory

Jane Dougherty
Recreation Course

Edythe L. Corbella
Costume Design

L. Thomas Graham
College Preparatory

Mary Ella Lozier
Institutional
Management

Anita Peterson
Recreation Course

Horoscope

<i>Victim</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Where to find</i>
Theresa	"Frenchy"	Most any place
Thelma	"Thel"	Library
Adami	"Bill"	Policeman's Ball
Loretta	"Ree"	With Ray
Almcraints	"Swede"	Trocp 80
Evalyn Hinrichs	"Heinie"	Emporium
Bakly	"Bake"	Up on the hill
Edythe	"Ede"	At the Glee Club
Evelyn Flanagan	"Clea"	In the Buick
Carr	"Wise Guy"	In the "Caf"
Evelyn Ferguson	"Ev"	Kelly's
Edwards	"Ed"	Ginn House
Mary Ella	"Ella"	Fleishhacker's
Lillian	"Sid"	Studying
Graham	"Red"	With Helen
Guaraldi	"Bruno"	Machine Shop
Paloma	"Chubby"	In Mr. Pivernetz's room
Juanita	"Nita"	Weinstein's
Hughes	"Buck"	Merry-go-round
Alice	"Pevie"	Who knows?
Kert	"Skinny"	Electric Shop
Kipp	"Noisy"	In any argument
Margaret	"Marge"	With Mary Ella
Irene	"Ree Nee"	There's no telling
Lankenau	"Lanky"	With Kert
Plagge	"How"	At Mabel's
Marie	"Ree"	Dances
Rich	"Charlie"	On ships
Teza	"H. J."	At the bank
Helen	"Sjobisk"	At home?
Tsapralis	"Greek"	Chemistry
Evelyn Christopherson	"Chris"	On the "24"
Anita Peterson	"Panita"	Eating ice cream
Dorothy McNulty	"Mac"	Where there's food
Julia Kinavey	"Buzz"	With Jane
Jane Dougherty	"Solomon"	With Julia

Horoscope

Weakness

Math
Dieting
Women
Ray
Boy Scouts
Mirrors
Goats
Gardenias
Tickets
Books
“Chris”
All academics
Paul
Peanuts
Helen
Clean overalls
Eating
Arguing
Hobby horses
Pee-wee-golf
Stamps
Crashing gates
Sewing
English
Food
Mabel
Tickling the ivories
The sea
Money
Baseball
Leading yells
Ice
Arguing
Eating
Men
Bugology professors

Ambition

Travel
To get by
Architect
J. C. Grad.
Scoutmaster
Artist’s model
Not much
Radio announcer
Taxi driver
Phi Beta Kappa
To grow up
Learn metric system
Children
Teacher
Outtalk Mr. Pivernetz
Machine shop foreman
Shakespearean actress
Debater
Own the merry-go-round
Mannequin
Gain weight
Same as Graham
“Caf” manager
Marriage
More food
Mabel
Nurse
Sea captain
Architect
Stenog.
Chemist
Actress
Manager of Wrigley Co.
Travel by water
Camp director
Great actor

Destiny

Living at Daly City
Old maid
Cop
Mrs.
Eternal tenderfoot
Salesgirl
Blacksmith
Stage hand
Mrs.
Selling papers
College widow
Fuller Brush salesman
Factory hand
Peanut vendor
Bond salesman
Grease monkey
Movie extra
Train caller
Gigolo
Beauty expert
Sideshow
Hazy
Tea room superintendent
Tennis star
Motor winder
Mabel
Doctor’s wife
Deck swabber
Asylum
Missionary
Big spaghetti man
Politics
Playing a calliope
Swiss Alpine guide
White Angel Jungle
Dog catcher

31X Class Will

WE, the Class of 31X, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, not acting under fraud, duress, menace, or any other undue evil influence, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament:

Theresa: Artistic ability to future artists.
Rich: Rosy cheeks to "Dutch" Ponig.
Thelma: Hair to Susie.
Loretta: Silvery voice to those who *want* it.
Bakly: Fancy suspenders to chorus boys.
Hughes: Manly stride to all sailors.
Evelyn No. 1. Christopherson: Librarian's ability to Lois Cunningham.
Evelyn No. 2. Ferguson: That social prestige to all Senior girls.
Evelyn No. 3. Flanagan: Her height to future generations.
Evalyn No. 4. Hinrichs: Her mirror to anyone who needs it.
Graham and Kipp: Their ability to work the teachers to Phillips and Ransdall.
Edythe: Her Glee Club attendance to Marion Turner.
Mary Ella: Leather jacket to Erma Edelman.
Guaraldi: Raven locks to Mr. Britton.
Lillian: Demureness to Shirley Llewellyn.
Carr: Patent leather hair-comb to Sperry.
Almcrauts: All his merit badges to the trophy case.
Paloma: Stage ability to future actresses.
Adami: Flat feet to rookie cops.
Juanita: Selling ability to ambitious Juniors.
Alice: Small feet to Charlie Chaplin.
Kert: Excess weight to Dave Smith.
Margaret: Curls to the Charles Beauty Shops.
Lankenau: Quiet nature to noisy Freshmen.
Irene: Her way with the men to future president.
Plagge: Basketball ability to would-be stars.
Marie: Her piano lessons to the playground girls.
Teza: Dues-collecting ability to all class treasurers.
Helen: Love of sports to everyone.
Tsapralis and Edwards: Nasal tenors to Rudy Vallee and Connie Boswell.
Dorothy: Rosy cheeks to emaciated Lux girls.
Anita: Piano-playing ability to future toy symphonies.
Jane: Industriousness to the new junior college classes.
Julia: Curly hair to Jean Hawkins.

Witnesses: M. MERRILL
C. PRENDERGAST

Signed:
THE CLASS OF 31X.

December 18, 1931.



SCHOOLS LIFE





	I. Raffo President	L. Carlson Vice-President	E. Corbella Secretary	E. Edelman Yell Leader	
G. Turbitt President	R. St. Clair Vice-President	J. Tsapralis Yell Leader	R. Greene Historian	L. Graham Secretary	

Our Presidents

IN unity there is strength. No organization can progress where the spirit of co-operation does not prevail. This spirit has been the greatest factor in the successes achieved at Lick and Wilmerding during the past six months.

The degree of success you will attain in this organization depends upon your ability to work with and have faith in your teachers and schoolmates. Be enthusiastic, be fair, and above all be willing at all times to shoulder your full share of the burdens incident to your school life.

To the members of the faculty and to the student body we extend our heartfelt thanks for the assistance given us. To Mr. Merrill, Mr. Heymann, and Mrs. Patterson, we owe a debt of gratitude for the interest taken in us and for the manner in which they have endeavored to guide us through the past term.

GORDON TURBITT.

WHEN I first entered Lux, I never dreamed that I would ever be a student body president. I attended the various rallies and thought how wonderful it would be to be up there on the platform, conducting the rally, never dreaming that the day was to come when I should face a similar audience.

When I was elected to the office, I was thrilled to think that a position of such great trust had been placed in my hands. My term as president has been like a dream; but, like all good dreams, it must end. As the term closes, I wish to say that if I have served those who have elected me as well as they have served me, I have been truly rewarded.

To Miss Mueller, who has helped me so patiently; to my vice-president, Loretta Carlson; and to my yell-leader, Erma Edelman, I extend my heartfelt thanks. Not only they, but all the students and teachers, have given me their continued support, for which I am very grateful.

IRENE RAFFO.

School Calendar

- Aug. 17 New faces. Confusion of classes and programs.
- Aug. 24 Beginning of football practice and aching muscles.
- Aug. 28 Separate Freshman rallies. Stray Freshies are herded together.
- Sept. 2 Hoop artists lose to Commerce, 43-0.
- Sept. 4 Joint rally and first football game. "Tiger" spirit temporarily subdued. Jefferson 7—Lick 0.
- Sept.
- 7-11 California's birthday. A much needed and appreciated rest.
- Sept. 12 Football squad travels to South City. Southsiders pull game out of bag, 14-0.
- Sept. 17 Lick Shine Day. A.A. members turn bootblacks.
- Sept. 18 First joint rally and dance. Orchestra displays talent. Some talent, eh? Gardenia "Bulldogs" suffer 26-25 defeat. Plenty of thrills and action.
- Sept. 19 Cogswell "Dragons" swamp Tigers, 25-7. Better than score indicates.
- Sept. 23 Founders' Day Exercises. Long may they continue!
- Sept. 25 "Man-eating" Tigers swarm Lowell reserves, 21-0.
- Sept. 26 South City hands Lick quintets a double pasting, 26-15 and 10-9.
- Sept. 30 Lux Shoe Shine Sale. What a shine!
- Oct. 2 Athletic dance. Athletes, fair maidens, and plenty of fun.
- Oct. 3 Lick loses to Tamalpais, 19-0.
- Oct. 10 Commerce lightweights and Lick Tigers play scoreless tie.
- Oct. 16 Quarter ends and hopes soar. "Whatcha get in Civics?"
- Oct. 17 Halfmoon Bay boys prove too good for basketball team, 20-19.
- Oct. 21 Lick footballers wind up season by losing to Commerce. A close game, 3-0.
- Oct. 23 Irene Raffo conducts snappy rally. Lux entertains.
- Oct. 28 Doughnut sale at Lux. Enticing crullers and coffee. "M-m-m!"
- Oct. 30 More rally.
- Nov. 2 "Sardines." All about small-town society.
- Nov. 4 Pen and Ink Sundae Sale. Sundaes rival favorite soda fountain.
- Nov. 13 Alumni put over successful night dance.
- Nov. 20 Lux operetta. "Galli-Curcis" discovered. "Open House" held at Lux.
- Nov. 25 J. C. Plays. Comedy and romance shine in "The Flower of Yeddo" and "On the Road to Yesteryear."
- Nov. 26-27 Two days of Thanksgiving. "More turkey, please."
- Dec. 4 Snappy Block Rally. LW's and L's aplenty. Also G.A.A. Day.
- Dec. 11 Student Body indulges in politics. "My candidate"
- Dec. 12 Senior Dance. Better as the years roll by.
- Dec. 15 Turbitt and Raffo end presidential careers.
- Dec. 17 Final rally goes over with plenty of pep and excitement.
- Dec. 18 Graduation. The Alumni increase their ranks.

Lick Board of Control

THE LICK BOARD OF CONTROL started later than usual this term. At the first meeting the roll was made up as follows: G. Turbitt, president; L. Graham, secretary; Jordan, 32J, J.C.; Figone, 32X, J.C.; Cavagnaro, 33J, J.C.; Plagge, 31X; Maloncy, 32J; Sakelarios, 32X; Eggert, 33J; Lang, 33X; Ceragioli, 34J.

The business of the Board of Control this term consisted mainly of the revision and acceptance of the new Lick Wilmerding constitution. Three changes were made, mainly concerning athletic awards. After a bitter fight, the constitution was accepted, stating that a football player is entitled to a football block if he has played one hundred minutes, provided that the team wins one out of five games during the season. The playing time requirement and the team's percentage of games won necessary to entitle a player to a basketball block were also lowered.

The other principal change was the abolishment of the Harvard Medal for athletics and the service medal. In their place the new James Hugh Wise Medal was substituted.

Lux Board of Control

THE LUX BOARD OF CONTROL, which is composed of the class presidents and one representative from each class, meets every week to discuss the student body affairs. During this term the members have been acting on a clean-up committee to try to keep the halls and locker rooms neat and orderly. As a badge of authority, each member of the Board of Control was given an emblem of white felt with the letters B.C. set on in gold. At each meeting new suggestions were made, pertaining to the improvement of the school.

The Board also arranged for an Open House and Sale which was held at Lux on the evening of November twentieth. Many useful and decorative articles, made in the various departments of both Lick and Lux, were sold to the parents and friends of the students. The proceeds were used for the student body funds.

The members of the Board of Control this term were: 34X, Agnes Mullen and Marie Werth; 34J, Marion Springer and Jeanette Dissmeyer; 33X, Naomi Paczoch and Sue Benezra; 33J, Margaret Schneider and Margaret Crosthwaite; 32X, Florence Graham and Muriel Warren; 32J, Rosalind La Barbera and Lorraine Biniarz; 31X, Alice Peverini and Edythe Corbella; T31X, Anita Peterson and Dorothy McNulty; T32J, Verna Swett and Winifred Read; T32X, Else Jorgensen and Eileen Hulbert; T33J, Shirley Gibson; President, Irene Raffo; Vice-President, Loretta Carlson; Secretary, Edythe Corbella; Auditor, Florence Cook. Miss Mueller is the sponsor.



JOHN ROBERT CARR
Art Editor



CURTIS W. PRENDERGAST
Literary Editor



Life Staff

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Alumni

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BILLIE COOKINHAM

Athletics

NORMAN STIMMEL
WINIFRED READ

Lux Assistant

MARION MERRILL

Literary Editor

THE LIFE is not merely a semi-annual publication containing the writings of a select few, called the staff, but, in a broader sense, it is a means by which the achievements of the school may be permanently recorded. If so considered, it can be seen that it is up to the staff to present a journal which does this to the best of their ability. As this term marks the combination of the junior college and the high school, we have tried to show, in this edition of the LIFE, this change, by placing the college division and the seniors together in one section called Graduates. Furthermore, to illustrate the absence of all differences between the activities of the junior college and those of the high school, they have been combined as one in the School Life section. A foreword has also been placed at the front of the journal in which an attempt has been made to embody the progressive spirit of the institutions.

As the years go by, the funds available for the publication of the LIFE become smaller and smaller. In the face of these financial difficulties, the staff has tried to put forth a LIFE which will fulfill its true purpose—that of recording and symbolizing the progress and achievements of the Lick, Wilmerding and Lux Schools.

Art Editor

WE have tried in this issue of the LIFE to mirror the new ideals of the schools, through which they are attempting to lead the way to more modern training for young men and women. We have attempted to set in concrete form the ideas back of the new change in these institutions. We want our little contribution to this great new “building” to stand out among the rest of the building stones. The several scenes that best illustrate the schools as they are and as they will be remembered, and the scenes which will constitute the unchangeable foundations of newer and higher education have been incorporated into the cuts of our journal.

As in past years, the students themselves have been of invaluable aid in preparing these cuts. When a school has advanced to the point in education where most of the work in preparing the school annual is done in the school and by the students themselves, it has made a great step forward in the direction of industrial education and training. We think that in this number of the LIFE we have already pictured a change in the thoughts of the schools.

And thus we present our case to you in the form of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux LIFE and we hope that, as students, you will give, as your final decision, a fair and impartial judgment.

Editorial Acknowledgments

MENTION should be made here of the students of both Lick and Lux who gave their time and efforts in illustrating the journal. The insert drawings have done a great deal towards developing the LIFE, and we feel that the work of the artists who drew them deserves the highest praise.

The cover design was drawn by Lorraine Biniarz, and Arnold Teza did the lettering. The small cuts in the upper left-hand corner of the insert pages were all drawn by the boys of the Architectural Drawing Department. The large illustration for the Graduates Section was drawn by J. Boyd. The small block was designed by A. Teza. The large drawing on the Alumni insert was designed by E. Smith, the smaller block being executed by R. Wirth. E. Fross drew the illustrations for both the School Life and Literary insert pages, while H. Teza drew the small cuts for these two sections. The large drawing on the Athletics insert was designed by R. Jensen. The small block in the upper left-hand corner was drawn by A. Almcrauts, as was also the initial letter in the Alumni Interviews.

The drawings in the Literary Section which precede the stories were cut by R. Jensen, who executed the figurehead of the ship; W. Adami, who designed the one of the cemetery; and Lorraine Biniarz, who cut the illustration of the ship at dock. The library photograph was enlarged by E. Smith.

When the LIFE is distributed, at the end of each term, perhaps the students think of the staff, but rarely, if ever, of those who are really responsible for the success of the journal. If it were not for the help of the faculty advisors, the work of publishing the LIFE would be almost beyond the ability of the students. We wish to express our appreciation and gratitude to the teachers who gave their time in order that a journal worthy of the school might be produced.

We sincerely thank Miss Meng, who gave her unfailing support in preparing the material for publication, and Miss Sinclair for her help in gathering the contributions from Lux, and Miss Palmer, who spurred the students on to writing acceptable stories. Miss Boulware and Miss Hughes are deserving of the highest praise for their invaluable aid to the art staff.

We are indebted to Mr. Gerlach and Mr. Walls of the Beck-Gerlach Printing Company, and to Mr. Pearson and Mr. Pohlmann of the Commercial Art and Engraving Company for their advice concerning the printing and engraving.

AWARDS

Spring, 1931

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CURTIS PRENDERGAST

Art Blocks

PAULINE HAAS

HOWARD PLAGGE

Historian's Block

JOHN ROBERT CARR



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Community Center Work

RECREATION CENTER—DEMONSTRATION PLAYGROUND. Strange I've never noticed that sign before. Wonder how long it's been there? So I followed the fence to the gate and entered the playground, which I discovered is a training center for the Lux girls majoring in playground and community center work.

One of the girls in charge, after discovering my interest in the grounds, willingly agreed to show me around and explain its organization. It is staffed by about twenty girls of the beginning class, of whom three or four are in charge every afternoon and all day Saturday. One of them was in the bowl playing touch-tackle with a group of small boys as we went into the clubhouse, where an equally enthusiastic group of small girls was engaged in cooking chocolate fudge. There are classes for boys in cooking and for girls in sewing once a week; once a week, also, there are groups meeting for craft work and story telling.

Before I left, Marion Merrill, who was my guide, told me that the girls in their second year are doing even more interesting field work. Urged on by increasing interest and curiosity, I visited a few of the places she mentioned.

At the Funston Playground, a little youngster told me that Miss Peterson was in the field house. And what a conglomeration of noises her young charges were making! It was a class in Toy Symphony. There were about twenty aspiring percussion artists; and to make Anita's work even more confusing there were almost as many fond mothers sitting along the sides of the room, beaming their approval or frowning their displeasure, as their progeny behaved or misbehaved.

Melfaun Pinkney conducts several branches of work at the Booker T. Washington Center, but her favorite class is basketball. The girls are from twelve to eighteen years old and practice at Galileo High School.

When I reached Telegraph Hill and inquired for Miss Read, two small boys literally pulled me to the woodwork room. They were in the toy-making class and were most eager to show me their animals. Winifred smiled at their enthusiasm, welcomed me, and waved her hand toward the group of small boys busily sawing, sanding, and painting animals with colors of amazing brightness and variety. "This is our prize model," she said, holding up a blue goat with vivid red horns and yellow feet.

Julia Kinavey and Jane Dougherty, out at the Glen Park Boys' Club, told me that they have been given the entire charge there afternoons and two nights a week. It is no small job to organize classes in woodworking and to keep a game room running smoothly when the folks you work with are boys—likeable, pugnacious, real boys who delight in good-natured teasing and rough and tumble playing. But Julia and Jane are doing it and making a good job of it, too, as Mr. Adams told me when I met him at the main branch of the Boys' Club the next day.

He told me also that Dorothy McNulty is working at the Good Samaritan, building up the attendance in their junior game room, a large, well-equipped place whose attendance had fallen off until one evening only six were present. She has organized

a cooking class for boys—one that is the envy of all who cannot be included, and is conducting tournaments for the rest.

Amy La Clergne and Ann Shoff at the Mission Branch are valiantly teaching boys from fifteen to eighteen the gentlemanly art of dancing.

Audrey Wilkins and Verna Swett are both well established at their centers. I met them at a business girls' supper one night at Mission Center, where Verna has had classes for a year and a half. This semester she has sewing, handcraft, and a Junior Girl Reserve group. I haven't space to tell you all that Audrey does, but personally I think her Girls' Club one of the most interesting I visited. In addition to their regular meetings, she has taken them on hikes, to the Food Show, through an ice cream factory, swimming at the Y. W. C. A., and has had them making bags for sailors' Christmas presents. Audrey is one of the regular staff at the Canon Kip Community Center, and has been with this organization a year and a half.

It was a pleasure to meet all these girls and to talk with them about their work; and I want to thank that inanimate and totally unconscious sign, RECREATION CENTER—DEMONSTRATION PLAYGROUND, for enticing me in and starting me off on such an interesting investigation.

Junior College Courses at Lick

ACCORDING to the census of the Junior College group, chemistry has had the greatest magnetic powers this term. The fellows who are planning to be future chemical engineers are Adams, Boyle, Carmichael, Carter, Jordan, Rankin, and Stenhouse.

Among those who enjoy juggling volts and ohms around in the electric shop are Henry, Meischke, McDonald, Steiger, Turbitt, and Wehr. We are looking forward for the time to come when some of these fellows will be leaders in the electrical world.

"Up in Mechanical," where all good draftsmen, architects, etc., come from, there are three courses being taken by J. C.'s. These include Architecture, Machine Drafting, and Aeronautical Engineering. The three architecturally inclined ones are Jensen, Rothwell, and Young, while Meyers and Morrill are taking up Machine Drafting. The two fellows who are working with Aeronautical Engineering are Hackley and Nash. Other fellows working in the Mechanical Drawing Department are Dingee, Byrne, Torres, and Keenan.

In the Woodwork Department we find Yamamoto as the sole representative of the J. C.'s, and Bill has done some nice work down there, too.

The fellows behind the lathes in the Machine Shop are Cavagnaro, Figone, and Struble. There has been some good machinist's work done by them this term.

Lick Clubs

THE CAMERA CLUB, sponsored by Miss Boulware, is composed of boys who are sufficiently interested in photography to work on their own initiative.

Their activities this term have been somewhat experimental with the verichrome and superspeed films. They have found that by using the Graflex camera, illuminating with a 250-watt lamp and with a time exposure of three seconds, the verichrome film gives a result about equal to that of the superspeed film with a flashlight exposure.

The development has also presented a problem. With ordinary film a red light may be used, but the superspeed film must be developed in total darkness, while the verichrome film demands an almost completely darkened room. The results of these experiments may be seen in the portraits of the members of the Club—Soulé, Debenham, Humphries, Lake, Greene, Smith, Boyd, and A. Teza.

The RADIO CLUB, under the sponsorship of Mr. Booker, has been conducted chiefly for the purpose of teaching the members the whys and wherefores of radio theory, and preparing them for the examinations given by the Government, prior to their obtaining their operator's license. Business meetings of the Club were held on an average of once every other week. The officers of the Club for this term were: Morrill, president; Peresich, vice-president; Lankenau, secretary and treasurer.

The GLEE CLUB, under the coaching of Mr. Britton, has again had a very enjoyable season. The full membership of the Club totaled fifteen—seven tenors and eight basses, but what they lacked in number they made up in ability. All of the members have been practising very diligently at their regular Tuesday and Thursday meetings. The president of the Club this term was G. Hughes.

The ORCHESTRA, with G. Rossi as president, has also performed at our various school affairs, and the music with which they supplied us has been thoroughly appreciated. Under Mr. Britton's instruction the members have shown a wealth of talent. R. Jordan strums the banjo; L. Benezra and F. Meischke keep the fiddles busy; J. Lye is our versatile crooner on the saxophone, while G. Steiger plays the clarinet. G. Rossi tends the drum, and Mr. Britton at the piano keeps all in that tuneful harmony so popular with the dancers.

Although it did not function as a club this term, the FORUM is still in existence through a Standing Committee which hopes to revive an interest in dramatics next semester.

Lux Clubs

WEEKLY meetings of the HI-CA-BO CLUB are greatly enjoyed because some interesting feature is presented at each gathering. Sue Benezra gave a talk about the steps in photography. At another meeting the members enjoyed an exhibit and talk on insects given by Claire Fabey. The Club is divided into three groups of interest to different girls: hiking, photography, and botany. Miss Janlen is the sponsor.

An outstanding product of the PEN AND INK CLUB each term is the paper, *Pen Tips*, edited by the members of the Club. This term the girls were truly proud of their issue, which had for its theme the theatre. The members have also formulated a new constitution. The Club, sponsored by Miss Fassett, has as president, Marie Van Loo; vice-president, Shirley Llewellyn; and secretary-treasurer, Muriel Hemminga.

Singing has been a pleasure this term in the LUX GLEE CLUB under the leadership of Miss Sinclair, our sponsor, and the following officers: Maxine Corbella, president; Jane Hermann, vice-president; Marion Clarenbach, secretary-treasurer; and Marion Turner, pianist. Many new girls have joined the Club, and as the members gain practice in singing together, they hope to improve the ensemble chorus. The Glee Club has participated in several rallies. Their first appearance was at the opening Lux Rally in a costume number entitled, "Those Hats of Other Days." They also sang at the Founders' Day exercises, at the Lux President's joint rally, and at graduation.

FORUM CLUB has long been associated with good times. Even work in this active club is a pleasure. This term the Club continued its policy of having short programs. In this way almost every member is given a chance to display her histrionic abilities. On October 19th, an informal social was held at the Little Theatre. Here the 33J's entertained with a skit, "The High Priced Hat," while music was furnished by Marion Turner and a group of boys from Lick. The play chosen for the semi-annual Club production was a comedy called "Sardines." The Club is under the guidance of Miss Hughes. Evelyn Christopherson was president; Loretta Carlson, vice-president; Janet Ames, secretary; and Lillian Sidery, treasurer.

Every year the NEEDLEWORK GUILD OF AMERICA strives to obtain as many garments as possible for needy people throughout the United States. The Guild is distinguished from other agencies of the sort in that it requires new garments only. The sewing classes at Lux are well adapted to this work and very willing to contribute. The girls have made one hundred and twenty-five garments this term, thereby exceeding the number required for the school to be called a "section" of the Needlework Guild.

Plays



"SARDINES!" No, it isn't the fish man, but the title of a play, which the Lux Forum presented on November 2nd.

The scene was laid in a little sea-board town whose inhabitants were all "agog" over the coming visit of the "writer lady" from New York. A luncheon was to be given in her honor, but as usual, the much-used, but ever-enjoyed dumb hired girl

succeeded in turning the carefully planned luncheon into a bedlam of laughter.

The play was cleverly acted with Muriel Hemminga as the stylish visitor, Loretta Carlson as the harassed hostess, Margaret Schafer as the deaf lady whose "Lem" was a fish man, Evalyn Hinrichs as the sharp-tongued town gossip, and Theresa Arlie, who gave a splendid performance as the hired girl.

Miss Hughes directed the play and was presented with a corsage after the performance. We are sure the actors and their director were well rewarded by the eager applause and the favorable comments made on the play.

As their contribution to the Thanksgiving Rally held Wednesday afternoon, November 25th, the players of the Junior College class in recreational dramatics gave two one-act plays, the "Flower of Yeddo" and "On the Road to Yesteryear."

In the Japanese play, Melfaun Pinkney took the rôle of Kami, a young poet in love with Sainara, a Japanese maiden, played by Julia Kinavey. To test her lover's courage, his faithfulness, and his generosity, Sianara planned a scheme in which she was aided by Musme, a dancing girl, Anita Peterson, and Taiphon, a blustering Japanese nobleman, played by Winifred Read.

This play gave ample opportunities to practice make-up, especially of the eyes, and the art of designing and making costumes. In Miss Fassett's stagecraft class several original model stage sets were planned and carried out in minute detail.

"On the Road to Yesteryear" is an entertaining tale of Puritans and strolling players. It assumedly took place by a country roadside in England during the time of Shakespeare. Maurice was played by Dorothy McNulty. His rustic companion, Giles, was comically portrayed by Verna Swett. Tremblett, the stern Puritan magistrate, was acted by Jane Dougherty, and Prudence by Audrey Wilkins.

The study of dramatics and stagecraft is given to the recreational majors, in order that they may be able to handle dramatics in playgrounds or in community centers.

Shine, Sir?

ON Thursday, September 17th, all students who didn't belong to the Athletic Association were surprised to see signs on the bulletin boards which seemed to indicate that some of our boys were going into business. And what a business! Shoe shining!

Most of the boys showed good spirit by digging deep in their pockets for money to get a shine with. Maybe this was because of the dance with the girls from Lux in the afternoon. At any rate, there was quite a lot of business and the competition was high. A football game being played in the oval was an added inducement to get one's shoes shined.

The business venture netted the Athletic Association eleven dollars and ten cents. All in all, it was quite a success; in fact, so much that the Lux girls decided to try it. The "Big Business Men" were Turbitt, Dietz, Maloney, Rossi, St. Clair, Moore, and Wilcox.

The Super Shiners at Lux were the class presidents and the Board of Control members. Through their hard work eight dollars and ten cents was made and turned over to the Boys' Athletic Association.

Dances

IN order to raise money for our various school teams, the "master minds" of the Athletic Association had to do a bit of heavy thinking and planning this term. Happily for all concerned, a splendid dance on the evening of October 9th was one of the results of their mental labors. Merrill Hall was decorated quite appropriately after the fashion of a football field, with the goal posts at each end and a tackling dummy at one end.



The music was supplied by an outside orchestra called the "Harmony Hounds." The dance pleased everyone, except, perhaps, those who had their feet trampled on, and was also a financial success. Punch also served to make the evening a pleasant one. At 11:45, the strains of "Home Sweet Home" gave the cue for tired boys to escort their fair maidens home.

Another night dance was enjoyed on the evening of November 13th. This took the form of a Barn Dance, and Merrill Hall was converted into a very realistic setting by means of hay strewn on the floor and old wheels leaning against the walls. Those who stayed away because of the supposed jinx of Friday the thirteenth missed a very jolly time.

At intervals throughout the term afternoon dances after rallies formed pleasant breaks in the routine of school work.



The kids from the playground, in costumes so gay
 Played at the party on Hallowe'en Day.
 'Tis whispered about that Marion, too,
 Shed tears with the rest when the party was through.

Maloney and Rossi
 Lack only black faces
 To compete in the annual
 Shoe-shining races.

When funds were short,
 And the class was blue,
 A Hot Dog Sale
 Just saw them through.

The lights! The lights! a battle cry,
 Kert and Lankenau must "Do or die,"
 They *did* all right, with gnashing teeth,
 So, for valor true they win a wreath.

Shirl and Gordon started out
 In Gordon's ritzy runabout;
 At the dance they did arrive,
 But on the street car Number Five.



Loretta and Doris know,
 'Cause they've tried it,
 A method as good
 As the eighteen-day diet.



Buck and Rowe, our heroes great,
 On the grid do strut in state,
 While in the bleachers girls do sigh
 Because they cannot catch their eye.



We like Mr. Thompson, our newest trustee,
 He kept all the students howling with glee.
 For he told funny stories, which is, you'll agree,
 For a speaker at rallies a grand noveltie.



Rallies

LICK rallies this term have been rather few and far between, but the enthusiasm displayed at the ones that we have had made up for this fact, just as the "Tiger Spirit" among our football players made up for their few numbers. The rallies have been practically the same, insofar as the programs are concerned, as rallies of other terms. Talks by various members of the teams and the coaches, and entertainment by a few talented pupils have been predominant.

However, several newcomers and several new things have given and caused considerable enjoyment and laughter. For instance, in one of the rallies, Lewis, a lion on the gridiron, became as meek as a lamb when expected to give a talk, and pulled the "disappearing act" just before he was called upon. Then, in a "Pep Rally" conducted by Irene Raffo, president of Lux, we were both delighted and surprised by a wonderful concert presented by the Lux Junior College Symphony Orchestra. Echoes of Beethoven! The girls, disguised in Hallowe'en masks, were astounding us with their masterful interpretations of symphonic arrangements, until the "piccolo" player evidently thought that the selection was "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and accordingly began to do so; said bubbles collecting on said "piccolo" player's nose, and causing the utmost laughter and confusion.

Several newcomers, as said before, plus several old "standbys," have afforded most of the entertainment for our rallies, and they should all be given a great big hand, especially when we realize that there are many other students around who won't help out. "Squeezebox" Teza, with his accordion, has always been willing to please with one, two, and sometimes even three pieces. Two newcomers, Becker and Pirvulesco, have gone over big—Becker with his harmonica, and Pirvulesco with his "tickling the ivories." In one of the rallies, Teza, Becker, and Pirvulesco collaborated, and caused a near riot. Shirley Llewellyn and Claire Kennedy have also given splendid entertainment with their humorous monologues.

At Lux, the traditional Freshman Rally was dedicated to all the new students and was held for the purpose of initiating the girls into the school. Miss Mueller welcomed the new students and explained the Lux ideals and the purpose of the Lux Medal. President Irene Raffo introduced the newly-elected presidents of the various clubs, who told of the purposes, advantages, and pleasures of their organizations. The Glee Club sang and the Forum Club presented a humorous play, called "Incidents in a Married Man's Life," featuring Loretta Carlson and Thelma Buhr. The rally was ended with the singing of the Lux Hymn.

The spirit of originality which has become associated with the 31X class throughout its four years at Lux was displayed at the Senior Rally held on November 6th. A skit, "The Stranger," was presented, with the main parts taken by Alice Peverini, Juanita Viereck, Marie Wolters, Edythe Corbella, Irene Raffo, and Lillian Sidery. In a second short play, "Marital Mishaps," the rôles were amusingly portrayed by Margaret Morehart and Helen Sjoberg. A new trio, composed of Paloma Williams, Edythe Corbella, and Loretta Carlson, sang and Evelyn Christopherson was heartily applauded for her piano playing.

Parties



WITCHES rode on broomsticks, black cats floated in mid-air, and mysterious hands appeared on the windowpanes, while the Junior College class of 33J enjoyed the Hallowe'en party held on Friday night, October 23rd.

Miss Mueller, Mrs. Thane, and Miss Rowe were invited and paid a weird penalty for coming. They arrived at different times, and each

one was initiated in a wild, confusing, and enervating trip—where, they cannot tell, for each one was blindfolded as she entered the gate—but we suspect that they were taken up and down the sides of the bowl, over the teeter-totters, and through the rungs of a ladder. Mrs. Thane said that she discovered a new pain every day for a week afterward.

The whole company, protected by bathing caps, went bobbing for apples in a tub. They played an original cat-tail game and had a chew-cracker and whistle contest, all old Hallowe'en favorites.

A big item at any Hallowe'en party is food. It wasn't neglected this time. There was real food and lots of it. All sorts of sandwiches, the kind that stick to your ribs; and coffee, cakes, oranges, and apples more than satisfied everyone.

Miss Rowe told some blood-curdling ghost stories and Marie Regli won a prize for having the best costume. She came as an old-fashioned girl. The party was held in the Lux Playhouse which was fully decorated for the occasion. The entire playground and the grounds in front of the school were traversed during the initiations.

The annual Alumni Christmas Tree party was held in the Lux Living Room on December 16th, with the 31X and the 32J classes as hosts and hostesses. Once again Bert Kloehn provoked laughter from adults and gurgles of delight from the small sons and daughters of the L. W. L. graduates with his portrayal of Santa Claus. With the prettily decorated Christmas tree as a center, a rounded program of fun and entertainment was presented, during which "Santa Claus" distributed his presents. After the refreshments were served and greetings were exchanged, there was dancing on the second floor.

Juicy, sizzling steak, faintly reminiscent of onions, delicious potato salad, toasted marshmallows with chocolate, and graham cracker sandwiches are enough to start anyone's gastric juices flowing. Little wonder that the T33J class enjoyed the picnic supper they gave this September in the Presidio.

Eighteen enthusiastic members of the class, accompanied by Miss Rowe and Mrs. Thane, made great strides in becoming really acquainted and commenced their term activities in a way that none of them will soon forget.

Television de Luxe

A GROUP of selected students and faculty members were transported into the unknown future when they viewed the latest and most modern television set in this country. Mr. Booker and a little "pull" accomplished the trip to the Television Laboratories, Limited, at 202 Green Street, Saturday morning, September 6th, at 9:00 a. m. The group was limited to fifteen—lucky fifteen!

The television set that was demonstrated was as entirely different from the old scanning disk type of set as anything possibly could be. Whereas the old types were limited by the mechanical parts of the set, this new one is entirely devoid of moving parts in the transmission and receiving apparatus. The new idea was developed by Philo T. Farnsworth, a graduate of Brigham Young University. He is at present working in the Philco Laboratories in Philadelphia.

The picture screen can be placed in any ordinary radio, and the synchronization of sound and picture is very easily accomplished. The color of the picture is a yellowish-green, the color to which the eye is most sensitive. This new invention is so vitally different from any of the former ideas of television that the amazement of the visitors could not be concealed. It has advanced so far beyond the stage of shadows that it was truly a miracle of the future brought before their eyes.

This San Francisco company is quite small and can scarcely hope to compete with large interests striving to suppress this invention. Recently in one of our downtown department stores a television demonstration of one of the old sets was given to show the public that television is hopeless so far. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Brollie, the demonstrator of Mr. Farnsworth's set, showed that commercial television broadcasting may be ready in six months.

Why go to the theater at night when every home will be a theater in the near future? This is a very good reason why the company needs a lot more backing. Here's to your good luck, though, Mr. Farnsworth!

*A group of future
draftsmen hard
at work.*



*Note the studious
expressions.*

Mock Trial

STAR witnesses, embryo attorneys, and judges, got their chance when Mr. Pivernetz's Civics class staged a mock trial lasting from October 29th to November 2nd. The case, which had actually been tried some thirty-five years ago, consisted of the owners of the ship "Wallula," alias Adami and Claire Kerrigan, suing the City of Chicago, the Chicago Street Railway Company, the Vessel Owners' Towing Company, and the Contracting Company, who were defended by our budding lawyer, Stimmel. The prosecution was championed by Rich, with Carr as judge, and Hughes as the U. S. Marshal. Greene was the clerk who did no writing.

The first day consisted of choosing the jury. Several would-be jurists found themselves rejected on charges of illiteracy, non-citizenship, etc. Edwards, being the first one chosen, was foreman.

A summary of the case was read by the clerk, in which he stated that the ship, "Wallula," being towed down the Chicago River in broad day, hit the abutment of a drawbridge and did considerable damage to the boat. The owners of the boat were suing the four defendants for negligence, as guards had formerly existed about the abutment for twenty-five years, but had lately been removed due to construction work on the bridge.

Hughes then swore in the first witness. It was necessary for him to restore order in the court several times during the testimonies, examinations, and cross-examinations, by beating loudly on the chalk box. The Marshal also amused himself by reading the Bible between witnesses.

On the second day, the judge and the prosecuting attorney exchanged places, after which the trial went on as before. Stimmel got into difficulties by asking the witnesses questions which they had failed to memorize, and for proving useless points. After much admonishing by the judge, to which Stimmel replied by reading lengthy passages from his tomes of law, the attorneys finally wound up their arguments on November 2nd. The jury then retired, bringing in the verdict the next day. They decided that only the Towing Company and the Contracting Company were liable, which was, incidentally, the verdict that resulted from the actual case in Chicago. The attorneys both left with 500% batting averages, and the audience went away feeling that perhaps they knew something more about law than they did before—maybe.

As a sequel to the trial, a mock election was held by the same class a few weeks later. Candidates were nominated according to parties, Communists predominating. The regular procedure of electing the candidates for mayor and other officers took place, with Graham in charge. Polls were established and each member of the class cast his vote. Feverish excitement reigned in the room as the last minute election returns flashed in. Warning—beware of the stuffed ballot box!

Lux Courses

CHEMISTRY—We've all heard the story of little Willie who mistook H_2SO_4 for H_2O , and his sad ending. But pupils may rest assured that under the guidance of Miss Trevithick, they won't end "pushing up the daisies," but will probably be respectable chemists or chemistry teachers.

COOKING—The third floor is famed for its delicious odors. One need only visit the cooking class around ten o'clock in the morning to learn this. Here we see four long rows of girls in white aprons and caps, and in the middle stands Miss Kellogg, teaching the future brides how to "win their husbands through their stomachs."

SEWING and MILLINERY—Heretofore, the most interesting class in sewing has been the graduating class; but now this class is forced to share honors with the new Junior College division, which is turning out enviable creations. It is always a genuine pleasure to look into the show windows at Lux.

If some girl wished to attach a "Paris" label to her hat made in millinery, Paris would be none the worse for it. Each term the millinery course wins new enthusiasm because of the delightful variety in the work.

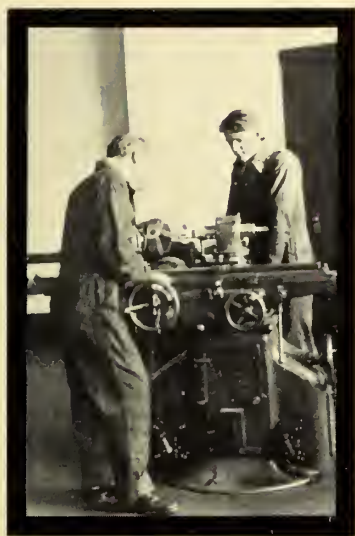
TYPING—The business world is really a great mechanical wheel that revolves and revolves; and each individual is a "cog" in this enormous wheel. In Miss Boeke's room, one may see the "cogs" in the making, for here is one of the most practical courses in the school.

CAFETERIA—"Mm-mm! Aint dat sump'n!" say Amos 'n' Andy. And it certainly is! We mean the food, of course, and we know you'll agree. The most interesting part, too, is that this is a regular course. Girls are brought in from the cooking classes to learn all the fundamentals of cafeteria work, and there they stand, ready to hand you a salad, or a dessert, or (Mm-mm! again) a delicious chicken patty.

ART—Art! The embodiment of the artistic with the practical. Such are the courses given at Lux. Almost all the work that the students do in sewing or millinery, they design first in either Miss Fassett's or Miss Hughes' classes.

The Junior College girls have the most interesting work, of course; for they have designed, in their work of playground craft, miniature stages and costumes for their puppet plays.

Laboratory and Shop



MACHINE SHOP—In its new housing, the machine shop, under the direction of Mr. Flindall, has been kept running at high efficiency. Here such objects as machine parts, cutting tools, and metal patterns have been consistently turned out. Fulfilling the prediction of last year, a new interest has been developed in machine shop.

CHEMISTRY—Ah, sweet essence of spring! Or is it hydrogen sulphide? From the highly invigorating odors and the various contraptions seen around the chemistry "lab," we figure that Mr. Tibbetts' boys know something more than administering rat poisons and insecticides. Two years more and our chemists will be running close competition to Prof. Einstein.

MECHANICAL DRAWING—The chief features in Mr. Heymann's department are architectural draftsmanship and machine drawings. As usual, quite

a few seniors have majored in this line, and at this time they are all set to tackle the drafting world. Mr. Heymann is also very well pleased with his junior apprentices, and he has already laid heavy plans for them for the coming year.

WOODWORK SHOP—Here's where all the real pieces of wood craftsmanship have been coming from. Under Mr. Holmes' supervision some fine looking radio cabinets and tabourets have been seen about school. The boys have also had a chance to apply their knowledge of practical carpentry on Merrill Hall and the Wilmerding Building.

SHEET METAL SHOP—The plumbing and sheet metal departments, headed Mr. Wood, have shown their ability to cope with rising emergencies. While the tin-smiths have turned out only such miscellaneous articles as cake pans, molds, and funnels, our plumbers have seen to it that the drinking faucets and shower baths have been in excellent condition throughout the term.

FREEHAND DRAWING—The drawing department has already shown its drawing ability by posters around the school, and an added peek into this busy room will reveal a wealth of talent among the beginners. During the past, Miss Boulware's boys have never failed to make good in the commercial world, and this year's batch does not seem to be an exception.

ELECTRIC SHOP—If you hear an extra bell between periods, don't be alarmed; it is only Mr. Caster and his boys having their bit of fun. In their more serious moments the boys are found hard at work tinkering with motors, batteries, and soldering irons. Whenever bigger and better electricians are built, Lick will build them.

James Hugh Wise Medal

As announced at the Founders' Day exercises, the James Hugh Wise Medal now takes the place of the Harvard Medal.

The Harvard Club of San Francisco is a group of Harvard graduates, who, in order to keep the name of Harvard before the high school students, gave two medals each year, one for athletics, and the other for scholarship. The Scholarship Medal was discontinued some time ago. The Athletic Medal, however, remained and was given to the boy with outstanding athletic accomplishments.

The Athletic Medal was discontinued last year. To take the place of this, Mr. Merrill, as announced at the final rally in May, 1931, now gives the James Hugh Wise Medal, which combines the better qualities of the Harvard Medals and the Student Honor Medal, which was also formerly given.

In naming the new medal, Mr. Merrill chose James Hugh Wise because he was probably the most outstanding graduate of the school. James Hugh Wise entered Lick in 1897, and was graduated in 1899. Although a poor boy, he quickly rose in prominence, amassed a large amount of money, and at the time of his early death, was able to leave his widowed mother a comfortable income. When her son died, Mrs. Wise, a well known leader in the field of character education, asked to take his place on the Board of Trustees, an office for which she was well fitted.

The James Hugh Wise Medal is given for outstanding character development. It is not so much for innate character, but for the development of character which takes place during the years at school, and also for the promise of civic worth that the boy shows. Mr. Merrill announced that the first medal was to go to Henry Raffo, 31J.

Alumni Rings

At the discontinuation of the Harvard Scholarship Medal, the Alumni Association asked to be allowed to give an equivalent honor. This resulted in the establishment of the Alumni Rings, a custom which was started in June, 1927.

Two rings are given each June to those two students, one from Lux and the other from Lick, chosen from the combined December and June classes, who show the best scholarship record. The award is mainly for college preparatory students, who do not have as much time for activities as other students. With the ring goes a finger-measuring ceremony in the presence of the Alumni Association.

The following students have already received the honor: June, 1927, John Borgwardt and Juanita Bollenbach; June, 1928, Walter Radius and Ellen Barsotti; June, 1929, Gene Mires and Bernice Schram; June, 1930, Robert Hammerslag and Margaret Wilson; June, 1931, Leslie Peters and Doris Smith.



A L U M N I



Founders' Day

"LEADERSHIP and the ability to co-ordinate the hand and mind" were the themes of the addresses at the second annual celebration of Founders' Day, which was held in Merrill Hall, September 23, 1931. Excellent speeches featuring these ideas were given by Lillian Olney, 1915, and Ansel F. Hall, 1914, now Chief Naturalist of the National Park Service, and George Carney, 1918.

Walter D. Mollison, 28X, President of the Alumni Association, conducted the exercises. He opened the program with a short introductory talk, in which he related the purpose of the meeting.

A short address by Director George A. Merrill followed, in which he voiced the appreciation felt by all for the efforts and generosity of the founders in making the three schools possible.

Lillian Olney was the next speaker. Using leadership as her subject, she brought out the advantages of the Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux Schools in affording opportunities to develop this quality. Miss Olney said that with the training received in these schools, every graduate should become a potential leader. She stressed the fact that the large schools with their crowded conditions offer much less opportunity for individual attention than the small selective type.

Following Miss Olney was Mr. Ansel Hall, Chief Naturalist of the National Park Service. His address was received with much enjoyment and interest by the students. He emphasized the fact that there is always a place in the world for the boy or girl who has learned to co-ordinate the mind and hand and in this manner to stand out from the rest. Mr. Hall told of three boys, picked from the entire western United States, who were chosen as his assistants, first to visit all the National Parks, and then selected to go on some famous foreign expeditions. Of special interest to the students was the announcement by Mr. Hall of his finding at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, a medal awarded to James Lick for master craftsmanship. He regretted that he was not able at this time to present the medal as he had planned, but he promised to do so in the near future.

A pleasant interlude in the program was furnished by the Lux Glee Club, singing a selection entitled "The Glow Worm." At the close of this number George F. Carney, a former president of the Alumni Association, was introduced. In a short speech he pointed out the benefits derived from membership in the Alumni Association. He spoke of the many friendships and ideas that he has acquired from keeping in contact with graduates of the school.

As the Junior College is now part of the school as a whole, and not a separate unit by itself, Gordon Turbitt, 30X, first president of the Student Body from the upper division, gave a short talk in which he related the history of the Junior College. An interesting point in his speech was the fact that the new organization had been so well planned that its introduction occurred with no hitch or break in the normal run of activities.

Members of the Board of Trustees were present, and Major John D. Galloway, President of the Lick Board, reminded the students of the debt that they owe the

founders, asking them, when receiving the benefits provided, to remember and honor the foresight and generosity of those who made these schools possible. Mr. Galloway introduced the newest member of the Lick Board of Trustees, Mr. Joseph Thompson, whose short, amusing talk containing two dialect stories caused much laughter among the students and guests.

Miss Crittenden, retired Lux sewing teacher, expressed her joy at being able to attend the exercises.

During the afternoon and evening, the schools were open to visitors. Many of the alumni were present, renewing old acquaintances with teachers and fellow classmates. Student ushers showed the visitors about the schools, and pointed out the recent improvements.

Alumni Interviews



REAL privilege and pleasure that falls to the lot of the Alumni Editors is that of interviewing various members of the Alumni who are established in their careers. The editors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the "Old Grads" for their kindness in giving their time and attention to these interviews, and hope they will be repaid in part in the knowledge that the students now in school thoroughly enjoy reading the accounts published. This custom, which was begun in the last issue of the journal, June, 1931, was received with favor, and we hope it will be continued.

JUNE ALEXANDER, 1916

Writes to us as follows: "I was neither 'fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring' during my four years, for I combined work at Lick for academic credit with the subjects given at Lux in home-making. This, to my mind, was an ideal arrangement. The necessity for academic training was uppermost for the first seven years after leaving school. I majored in Social Economics in the University and spent three years after graduation in social work in the San Francisco Associated Charities. During the last seven years I have delved into the past for anything that would throw light on the business of caring for three small children and a husband. I do not regret one hour of my Lux training. I can say with the greatest sincerity that whatever the subjects offered, the prevailing tone of both schools was the most important factor in their influence upon that swarm of adolescents of which I was a part. There were not only scholarship standards, but standards of personal behavior to be maintained, and we were made to feel that the director and the faculty members were sympathetic mentors. I cannot fail to mention another benefit derived from my four years at Lick and Lux. In addition to the academic credits and training in the technique of home-making, I was given an opportunity to witness part of the preparation for life of my future husband!"

F. R. BOWES, 1914

Member of a pioneer seafaring family, Mr. Bowes, immediately after graduation from Lick as a drafting apprentice, felt the lure of the sea and shipped from San Francisco on the Luckenbach Line to the east coast. The boat on which he sailed, the "Louis Luckenbach," was one of the first to pass through the newly finished Panama Canal. After a short term at Stanford in 1915, he entered the United States Navy, where he remained until 1919. During the war he was sent to Annapolis and was given a submarine captaincy. Since then he has been associated with the ship repairing company of Bowes and Andrews, a firm founded by his father, a pioneer sea captain.

At Lick, Mr. Bowes was connected with the old "Tiger" as sales manager during his senior year. He won his letter in 1912 in the cross country run and again on the rugby squad.

He is not married, is a past master of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, and is greatly interested in various civic organizations. He says: "The schooling that I received at Lick did more for me than perhaps I can express. The foundation laid for us boys was a wonderful help in the struggle of life that confronted us all."

GRACE WIENER, 1898

Has the honor of being the first student registered in the Lick school. It was while she was studying art that her instructors discovered her natural talent for teaching; even as a student this ability was so marked that she was delegated to teach at community centers. The success of this early work awakened in her the desire for social service and she dedicated herself to the cause of humanity. To her training at Lick and to Mr. Merrill, whom she describes as "a foremost educator," Miss Wiener accredits her success in her work. She says that she has drawn largely upon her knowledge of mechanical drawing, carpentry, and various craftwork.

The San Bruno Community Center, of which Miss Wiener is now the head, is a delightful organization, through which both children and adults may receive social recreation and athletic training as well as instruction in music, language, crafts, and other useful accomplishments. Clinical treatment is also offered. Miss Wiener earnestly urges more girls in the Lux Junior College to investigate the field of Community Center work as a vocation.

CHARLES J. KUCHEL, 1908

Two years after his graduation from Lick, Mr. Kuchel entered the University of California for a course in electrical engineering. From 1913 to 1920 he was associated with the Great Western Power Company, and now is in a partnership called the Kuchel & Seivers Electric Company, founded in 1925. He has been of great assistance to our apprentice graduates, and his company now has several Lick boys in its employ. He says: "I know of no other school so beneficial mechanically as Lick-Wilmerding. The fundamentals are taught, and taught in the correct manner."

THEODORE MAAS, 1917

One of the outstanding of our successful Alumni. He graduated at a time when our country was preparing for war, so he went immediately into the officers' training school at Stanford. He was first employed as office boy for the Bothin Real Estate Company, with which he has been associated for the last fourteen years, gradually rising in position until he is now vice-president and general manager.

While at Lick Mr. Maas was intimately connected with the activities of the school, having been twice Associate Editor and once Editor-in-Chief of the *LIFE*. He was also active in school athletics, both on the track and the basketball teams.

He attributes his success, in part, to his training at Lick. He says: "Above all things, leadership is the greatest point expressed in modern education, and Lick has done more than most schools to emphasize this essential quality. It is the secret of our graduates' success."

It is interesting to note that a brother, Carl Maas, 1915, is now president of the Judson Pacific Company, and a younger brother, Henry, of the class of 1920, is a successful commercial artist here in San Francisco.

EDNA M. GRINNELL, 1898

Graduated from Lick, for at that time Lux had not been founded. She is now Dean of Girls at the Cogswell Polytechnical College and writes as follows: "After being away from the Lick school for many years, I am asked to state briefly what portion of my experiences there has been of most value to me. As I look back, three points stand out: the influence of the superior teachers under whom I studied, the friendships formed, and the combination of technical and academic training. The first two I value because of their inestimable worth, and the last because it has made me more appreciative of the problems which arise in the Cogswell Polytechnical College, with which I am now associated. It may be of interest here to note that the Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux schools and the Cogswell Polytechnical College are now mutually interested in pioneering for San Francisco in industrial, technical, and commercial work in the junior college field."

MARTHA SAUER, 1927

From her experience in the working world, Miss Sauer has been convinced that her Lux training in art and sewing is of a great deal more practical value to her than her college accomplishments. "The individual instruction received at Lux gives one an opportunity to absorb fully the facts set before her," she stated when asked what her Lux training had meant to her. At the present time, she is engaged in selling domestic and oriental rugs, a field in which a thorough knowledge of the subject is necessary in order to achieve successful salesmanship. Miss Sauer majored in the Art Department while at Lux.

SAMUEL S. JACOBS, 1908

Almost immediately after graduation entered the employ of the American Can Company of this city, as an apprentice machine draughtsman. He had majored at Lick in mechanical drawing and finished his training by several university extension courses. His first real "job" was as office boy for the Doble Water Wheel Company, which has since become the Pelton Water Wheel Company. He was rapidly advanced and now is chief draughtsman of the American Can Company with offices here in San Francisco. It is interesting to note that at the present time there are in the employ of the draughting department of this company several other Lick graduates.

Mr. Jacobs is a life member of the Alumni Association and is the author of the present Alumni Constitution.

BEATRICE BARRAGON, 1920

Graduated from Lux with scholastic honors, and soon after began to teach school at Hilton, California. She writes us the following letter: "My years of teaching which immediately succeeded my graduation could never have been successful without the background of Lux training. I drew freely from the Lux methods of outline, presentation, and correlation (the last named being at that time the most significant and unique of Lux pioneer ideas). I found all three methods most adaptable to the conditions I encountered.

"Today I practice many of the theories taught in the 1917 first year classes in housekeeping and sewing. While I am glad to have had the instruction in the other subjects of my course, which was largely college preparatory, I cannot say that it is of much practical value to me just now. Contrary to my fondest expectation, the most useful elements of my Lux training seem at present to be the thorough grounding in making buttonholes and flat fell seams. But you must remember that, after a lapse of ten years, there is very little residue from a four-year period other than happy memories of events and personalities."

MILTON J. KONETSKY, 1914

Now president and general manager of the Reliance Truck and Trailer Company. Although he apprenticed as a mechanical draughtsman, immediately after commencement he started into business for himself as auto mechanic. In this work his foundation at school stood him in good stead. His present business was not "premeditated," but grew more or less out of his first establishment, the "Mission Auto Repair Shop," which was located at Mission and Richland. Mr. Konetsky has made his company his life work. He created it, fostered it, and brought it to its present successful standing. "To a marked degree," he says, "do I owe my success to my early training at Lick-Wilmerding. At the forge, in the foundry, in any phase of the work here in our shops, my training received in school is a foundation that I can and do constantly rely on."

News from 31J

FROM Frank Moore, secretary of the class of 31J, we receive the following news of his classmates:

Adams, Carter, Cavagnaro, and Wehr have returned to the folds of their Alma Mater, as Junior College students; Brockhoff and Harvey are attending San Mateo Junior College, and Markwart is at the University of San Francisco. Ross is a lowly scrub at the University of California, and Moore is pursuing higher fields of learning at a business college. Offenbach reports that he will again don the scholar's cap and gown at San Mateo Junior College at the beginning of this coming term. So far Raffo and Guaraldi are our only gentlemen of leisure. We are glad for the sake of those fellows, especially those seeking new fields of learning, that they have chosen for themselves, and at an early time, steps toward that great goal of us all—success. The Student Body heartily wishes them good luck, and in wishing, knows they cannot fail as long as the old "Tiger" spirit pervades their lives.

We understand that Eloise Gunzel and Kathryn Smith are pursuing a higher branch of knowledge at the State Teachers College and Mary Ann Mengola is now a student at Dominican College; that Marion Merrill and Audrey Hernan have returned to the folds of Lux, where one is studying to be a playground director, and the other a dental and doctor's assistant. The travel bug has bitten Averno Arntz, who is in the East, and Helen Tolhurst, who is on her way to the Philippine Islands. Soon the business world will be supplied with five more efficient secretaries, in the persons of Roka Kanters, Olive Goe, Miriam Brennan, Dorothy Sikoski, and Mildred Witt. There will be an influx of patients at the hospitals where Claire Francisco, Luella Teal, Dorothy Eldrup, and Agnes Hanlon are studying nursing. The efficiency of the sales force of the City of Paris and the White House has been increased by the presence of Pauline Haas, Genevieve Byrnes, and Mary Figuel. Their respective mothers are blessed with the help of Evelyn Wittmack, Margaret Quistguard, Miriam De Gear, Charlotte Black, and Roberta Scott in the home. News has reached us that Marina Malone has now established a home of her own and is known as Mrs. Bill Price.

The following engagements have been announced: Leonella Venturi, 28X, to John Kelleher; Frances Sheperd to Oliver Peavey, 27X; Ellen Buhman, 27X, to Edward A. Mowll; and Ruth Ward, 28X, to Walter L. Hack.

Among the newlyweds we find: Mrs. G. B. Lewis, nee Anna Grasso, 29J; Mrs. B. Gretchel, Jr., nee Eunice Schimpferman, 28X; Mrs. Friedrich Meyers, nee Clarice Buhman, 26X.

Arthur Austin, 27X, Irwin Wetzel, 27X, and Grace Kearns, 25J, have recently been elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society.



ATHLETICS



Coach

THIS year the football season started with a turnout of twenty-five boys. Two days after school opened, a meeting was held and all boys interested in football signed up. Practice started the next day. The boys have practiced hard and faithfully, and I really think they have enjoyed their games this year.

Football, as I see it, is a logical outlet for the excess energy of every normal boy. Many mothers, because of fear of injury, hesitate in allowing their sons to play; but the rewards the boys reap in learning to fight the game fairly, and the physical training, the courage, and confidence learned by them outweigh a hundredfold the few bumps and bruises that they receive. The training which they get in working together, in loyalty, and in comradeship will follow them throughout their lives—long after their high school days are over.

We played independent games again this season. We had a full schedule, and even though we did not win the majority of our games, the boys played hard, clean football. They showed the true Lick spirit. I thoroughly enjoyed coaching the team.

J. A. PIVERNETZ, *Coach.*

Captain

OUR past season was not very successful according to the games won or lost; but, considered from a different viewpoint, it was a splendid success. Lack of reserves, injuries, and light weight severely handicapped our team from the start of the season; nevertheless, they fought doggedly and displayed the traditional "Lick Fight." Although the breaks seemed to be against us in every game, our team showed a trace of superiority for at least one-half of each game and sometimes even more.

Too much praise and credit cannot be given to Mr. Pivernetz, our coach, for the way he handled the team, for the indomitable fight he instilled into them, and for the patience he had with the team as a whole.

I would like to express my thanks to him for his willing and faithful work, to each member of the team for the pluck and spirit he showed throughout the season, and to the L. W. L. Student Body for their unfailing support and co-operation.

ROWE ST. CLAIR, *Captain.*



Football

FOOTBALL season was inaugurated at Lick by a scrimmage with the powerful State Teachers College eleven on August 28th in the old Seals' Stadium. Though handicapped by a small squad, Coach Pivernetz saw a fine chance for a successful season in his players' showings.

Jefferson Union High School was the first real opponent of the promising Lick team. The Lick boys went to Daly City on September 4th to play on the Jefferson field, only to find themselves outweighed in every position. Jefferson's heavier line pushed only one lone touchdown over on a fighting team. Spectacular playing by the Lick team was the outstanding feature of the day. On one of these occasions the ball was carried to Jefferson's eight yard line only to be stopped by the great weight advantage over Lick. The game ended with the score: Lick, 0; Jefferson, 7.

On September 11th at the South San Francisco field Lick played the South San Francisco Union High School. The Lick boys seemingly sauntered up and down the field at will, losing the ball only through a combination of fumbles and intercepted passes. But the loss of the football was far more serious than it seemed. It was through these breaks that South San Francisco was placed in a position to score its two touchdowns. Final score: Lick, 0; South San Francisco, 14.

Lick played Cogswell on September 19th in Golden Gate Park Stadium. The second team was started by Coach Pivernetz and these boys were surprised into letting the only fast man on the Cogswell team outrun them for a touchdown. The first team quickly righted the damage by marching up the field to a touchdown pushed over by Captain Rowe St. Clair. The conversion was made by Nicolaides. Too late the Lick team found that their one fast opponent could outrun any man on the field. He scored three more touchdowns before the final gun sounded, running the score up to 25 for Cogswell to Lick's 7.

It used to be said that if Lick lost every other game in the term and won the Lowell game, the season was a success. Lick trounced Lowell this year. Playing the Lowell Reserves, Nicolaides, St. Clair, and Ponig went over for touchdowns in quick succession. The game ended with Lick on the Lowell 15 yard line ready to plunge

over for another touchdown. The Lick boys outplayed the Cards by such a large margin that it was necessary for the Lick team to punt only once. The final score was Lick, 21; Lowell, 0.

During the next week the Lick team scrimmaged with the Commerce Varsity.

It is a maxim, in the football world, that Lady Luck deserts a fighting football team at least once a season. When Lick played Tamalpais on their field on October 3rd, it was soon found that this was the game fated to be deserted by the aforesaid lady. The eleven marched up the field again and again only to lose by an intercepted pass or a fumble or a Lick injury. On account of this bad luck, Lick lost by a score of 0-19. In this game the Lick team was outweighed twenty pounds to the man, and, as a consequence, seven of our men had to be taken from the field because of severe injuries.

Lick played the Commerce 130-pound team on Commerce Field, October 9th. The Commerce team was beaten from "pillar to post" by Lick, but the team had lost its unity the previous week and was unable to gain any appreciable yardage. The game ended in a no score tie.

The next game, played with the same Commerce team on October 16th, was a repetition of the former game. This time the Lick boys waited for two weeks before returning to the field, hoping that the injured first string backfield would recover from injuries. They were not successful in their purpose, for they entered the game minus the star backfield and a good deal of the first string line. Because of the lack of men and co-operation, the Commerce team was able to kick a field goal on the next to the last play of the game to win a 3-0 victory. The Lick team made a futile but wonderful attempt to score before the game ended.

The squad this season was very small, being barely over two teams at the beginning and even smaller at the end of the season. The lineup was as follows:

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>
Lewis.....	RE.....	Dietz.....
Hughes.....	RT.....	Boyle.....
Lomori.....	RG.....	McDonald.....
Maloney.....	C.....	Wirth.....
Stimmel.....	LG.....	Lauten.....
Young.....	LT.....	Carollo.....
Rossi.....	LE.....	Farretta.....
St. Clair, <i>Captain</i>	Q.....	Turbitt.....
Ponig.....	RH.....	Greene.....
Huntley, D.....	LH.....	Venturi.....
Nicolaides.....	F.....	Wehr.....

Substitutes for the teams were Benson, Becker, Ryzak, Wilcox, White, Torres, and O'Neill.



Basketball

FIRST calls for men this term brought but little results. With a very small squad, Lick played Commerce after but two practices and lost heavily on the Commerce court.

It seemed as though this defeat heightened the spirit rather than lessened it. The next few practices produced triple the number of candidates for positions. With new material and hard practice, Lick defeated the Gardenia Club boys by a score of 26-25 in their first Association game. The team was much better than the score indicates, with Figone starring. Good short passwork resulted in victory.

Loss of the center upset the team so that South San Francisco was able to defeat the Lick team on the Industrial City's court by a score of 13-8. On the same evening, the fellows on the team under 110 pounds obliged South San Francisco with a courtesy game, as there is no organized 110 pound team this term. They also lost by the close score of 10-9.

District Five of the Shopping News defeated Lick in the following game.

Rough and tumble playing was the outstanding feature of the game with Half Moon Bay High on their court. Failure to follow orders from Coach Plagge resulted in the downfall of the Lick boys, to the score of 20-19, although the team showed great promise.

Sacred Heart High School was the next opponent of the team. Playing on Sacred Heart's floor, the Lick five showed great form, holding this successful A. A. A. team to 13-12 at the half. The Lick players seemed to have lost their skill in the second half, however, and the game ended with Lick on the tail end of a 21-14 score.

Coming back eager for revenge, the Lick team rushed into the return game with Half Moon Bay on the Hamilton court. They completely humbled the visitors by the score of 23-10. The boys seemed to find themselves, although Kiesel was injured—a misfortune that lowered the joy of victory.

The first team was composed mainly of veterans of previous teams, with Barron at center, Captain L. Colbert, Kiesel, and Figone alternating at the forward positions, and Moore and Sakelarios at guard. The second team had Guaraldi and Andresen at forward, Lye at center, and Pampanin and Rullhausen at guard. The capable substitutes included J. Smith, Murray, Crocker, Ceragioli, and Hackley.



Kickball

THE banners of the 32 classes are once more held high. This time they marched off with honors in a new sport, kickball.

After four weeks of after-school practice supervised by Erma Edelman and Miss Rowe, every team was all set to go. Because there were not enough girls out from each class, some of the classes were combined. Five teams entered the round-robin tournament: 34X, 34J, 33X, 32J and X combined, and a combined Junior College team.

To show the progress of each team and to stimulate interest, each team was placed at the foot of the ladder. Every victory advanced the lucky team one step toward the top.

The 33X team had hard luck and remained at the foot of the ladder. The 34J team took one step by defeating the 33X. The Junior College team took two steps toward the top by defeating the 33X and the 34J. The 34X climbed three steps by defeating 33X, 34J, and Junior College team, but they met difficulties that they could not overcome on the last step. The 32J and 32X team, after many hard fights, finally reached the top, carrying with them the Kickball Championship.

The captains of the various teams were: L. Ash, 32J and 32X; N. Paczoch, 33X; M. Clarenbach, 34J; A. Mullen, 34X; W. Read, College team.

Swimming

The SWIMMING CLUB has not been very active this term. The girls in the college division are engaged in various classes after school which prevent them from attending swimming practices. There were not enough girls in the other division interested in swimming to make a practice worth while. This was rather disheartening to the officers, especially the president, M. Warren.

Next spring the annual swimming meet will be held as usual. We hope that a large number of the girls will be able to arrange their outside work so that they can participate. Let's find a rival for the 32X class and make for a splashing success next spring!

G. A. A.

WHEN we come to the end of a term, we naturally think of the good times we have had in athletics. This term under the guidance of Erma Edelman, president, and her board, which consists of the presidents of the Tennis and Swimming Clubs and a representative from each class, the girls have had many good times.

In the spring term of '31, the G. A. A. held a play day to which girls from the various public high schools of San Francisco came. The day was a great success, and one and all wished for more of its kind. Today we find the public schools carrying this plan out.

This term the G. A. A. sponsored the kickball, basketball and tennis tournaments, which were all big successes. Tennis was unusually interesting because of the number of Junior College girls who participated. A series of well-played matches led up to the fight for the championship. The lucky players who reached the finals were Read-E. Corbella versus Moncheur-M. Corbella. Both teams were strong and evenly matched. After a hard-fought battle, Moncheur-M. Corbella emerged victors with a 6-2, 6-3 score.

The term ended with a luncheon for all the girls who had entered any sports during the semester. At this time the felt awards and all-star pins were presented according to the point system. To add interest and suspense, the girls were not told how many points they had acquired until the final luncheon. The meeting ended with the installation of new officers.

The board and members of the Club wish to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Miss Rowe for her kind assistance in all its affairs.

Athletic Awards

Spring, 1931

LICK WILMERDING

Baseball

L. COLBERT
E. LUCIAN
G. KIESEL
R. JENSEN
E. FIGONE

G. RULLHAUSEN
P. BOYLE
W. WILCOX
G. MOORE
H. RAFFO

Baseball Manager

R. ST. CLAIR

Custodian

W. ADAMI

Basketball Manager

H. MARKWART

LUX

All-Star Pin

L. CARLSON
E. EDELMAN
E. GUNZEL

Blocks

E. EDELMAN
E. CHRISTOPHERSON
L. CARLSON

LITERARY



I Would a-Sailing Go

SHIRLEY GIBSON, T 33J



YES! The more I thought about it the more determined I was to stow away. I needed some excitement, high adventure, and travel to relieve the monotony of my humdrum existence. For four years now I had been working steadily as a bookkeeper for a large building concern, rising at 6:30, catching the 7:30 boat, and joining the "four million" on their way to slave in offices in the big, hard, businesslike city across the bay. I was tired of being jostled by the hurrying crowds; tired of the eternal fear of being laid off; tired of hearing the world talk about depression; tired of being buffeted about by the winds of San Francisco; tired of the beastly round of figures; tired of hearing my fellow slaves discuss such commonplace items as the price of commutes and the Cards' chances of winning Saturday's game. Adventure! Yes, that was what I wanted. Often I would come over again on my Sunday commute ticket and walk down the Embarcadero to the docks. I would gaze at the tall ships with the fascinating names—"Taku Maru," Shanghai; "Mary Anton," Bristol; "Borzoni," Naples, and the freighters as the groaning winches tugged the precious cargo from the holds—satins, spices, drugs, bananas, perfumes, coffee—goods from all over the world. And the departing liners! What joy it was to watch the throngs of passengers, some so nonchalant, others happily excited, bantering back and forth.

Sometimes I wandered up to Land's End or Fort Point to watch the mighty monarchs of the deep roll silently and swiftly out to sea. Where were they going, and what strange sights would their passengers see before they sailed back some early morning when the sun was turning the headlands into a blaze of glory? Golden Gate! Alluring!

Each morning, as I walked up to my stuffy office from the Ferry Building, I stopped before the steamship agencies to revel for a moment in the posters depicting liners at sea or entering a blue, palm-fringed harbor. "Only \$1950," the sign said. All-expense tourist tours to Europe. Might as well be a million dollars as far as I was concerned. Bookkeepers are no Midases, I had no rich relatives in failing health, and I did not believe in miracles. It would take me years to save that much, and I could barely pay my next month's insurance now.

Then one day my inspiration came. Why not stow away! Why not? True, others had attempted it, been discovered and ignominiously put off on the pilot boat, but I was sure that they had not planned carefully enough. Yes, that was it. They had not had forethought or had not been content to hide until all danger of discovery was past.

I am a creature of impulse, and with me a thought is soon an act. I was *going*. Recklessly at that! I would not even tell my employers. They had no thought for the automaton who kept their figures straight and counted up their ill-gained profits—why have a thought for them in my big moment? I felt my jaw settle into that solid lump the way it always does when I make a decision. I dashed home and threw a few necessary things into a handbag; then I wrote a note to a friend enclosing my house key

and asking him to look after things. I did not explain much. He told me afterward that he thought I was going to commit suicide. I ran down to the corner to buy a paper. I tore it in my eagerness to turn to the shipping news. Ah, there! Monday, September 23. Departures. From this port, "St. Croix" for San Pedro—6:30 P. M.—Pier 48; "Bergenland" for Hamburg—5:00 P. M.—Pier 36; "Scandia" for Colon—10:00 P. M.—Pier 29; "Marianaland" for Sydney—7:00 P. M.—Pier 48. That was the one I wanted—Australia. Magic word. I was dreaming of it already.

Time dragged until the next afternoon came, and once more I crossed the sparkling bay. Columbus had nothing on me. I hurried down the Embarcadero to Pier 48. There lay my dream ship. Busy stevedores efficiently loaded her. Marvelous—this lack of confusion! No one was watching the gangplank, so I went aboard and walked fore and aft picturing myself promenading these very decks beneath luminous stars, feeling the soft roll of the deep blue sea. I looked over the side. She was close beside another ship, similar in appearance but slightly smaller. I hardly gave it a glance beyond a thought of admiration for skippers who could sidle ships into such close quarters. My eye began to rove, looking for a hideaway. The very place! Behind the lifeboat was a cozy spot in the scupper between two rails. No one could possibly see me there. I would be exposed to the brisk sea breeze, of course; but then, did not all adventurers have to endure hardships?

Voices approached. "No, Ma'am. We make no stops before the Islands which we reach in five days." Hurrah! Then I would be safe if I could evade the pilot boat.

I was getting hungry and it was yet a few hours until seven o'clock, so I went ashore, walked uptown and had a good dinner at a little beanery I knew of. Then I bought some supplies to carry me through a few days. I would probably have to work for my passage when I was discovered or gave myself up, but that was no reason for starving in the meantime. About six o'clock I wandered back to Pier 48. It was growing dark and the stevedores were hurrying the last of the cargo. Funny that they should work to the last moment like this. I did not dare to use the gangplank, so I boldly walked in with the rest of the stevedores, my old clothes getting me by safely. In the rush no one noticed me as I climbed up through the hold and walked to my hiding place. Hum! It seemed smaller somehow than I thought in the afternoon, but no matter. What was a little thing like that?

After an eternity of waiting, I felt the ship tremble and with a blast of her melodious whistle we were off. I shook with excitement—longed to stand up and shout for joy. I noticed vaguely in the darkness that there was activity in the ship beside us. Perhaps she was sailing, too.

Into the blackness we steamed, past Fort Point, Mile Rock, Bonita Point and then out the Gate. The wind whistled through the wires and I began to get chilly. Courage, sailor! I enjoyed the people walking to and fro before me, murmuring softly. All was well.

The air became damp, it began to drizzle lightly, then to rain. I thought of climbing under the canvas cover of the lifeboat, but desisted lest I be discovered, should they search there for stowaways, and be sent back with the pilot boat. I could not hear it, but I supposed it to be there. I grew more and more uncomfortable. The scupper I was crouched in was rapidly filling with water and a small stream poured

down my back from the boat above me. I was drenched through and through. The cold wind of the Pacific cut through me. I started to sing, but stopped myself lest I be heard; then I mentally recited poetry until my small store was exhausted. Some food might cheer me. But alas! I had forgotten to keep my paper bag covered and my sandwiches and cup cakes were lumps of soggy dough. But I would not give myself up. No, never! Not if I froze or starved. I would remain there. Sweet music was playing and the lights twinkled through the rain. They intensified my loneliness. Well, soon warm, friendly, adventure-filled Australia would welcome me.

Finally I dropped into a disturbed sleep, peopled by sea monsters and fishes that swam through the air in the rain and dropped from the sky down my neck.

I don't know how long I slept, but a wrenching pain in my back brought the realization that I was still alive. It had stopped raining—it was daylight—we were rounding a breakwater—we were in sight of land. How could that be when we made no stops for five days? We should be out at sea!

I startled a promenading passenger by popping up suddenly—blue with cold, hungry, unwashed, bedraggled with rain.

“Where are we? What ship is this and where did it come from?” I fairly shouted.

Thinking beyond doubt that I was a maniac to be carefully humored, he nervously replied, “Why, this is the ‘St. Croix.’ We sailed from Pier 48 last night and are now entering the harbor of San Pedro, California.”

Subway

E. KIPP, 31X

FORTY-SECOND STREET STATION, next stop!” rang through the car. None of the passengers paid any attention to the cry. All sat staring straight ahead, all busy with their thoughts.

The pale “white collar” worker with that subdued air that shows the presence of an over-dominant wife at home is on his way to the desk to which he owes allegiance for eight hours each day. He sits thinking about the approaching end of the month with its accompanying bills. “How shall I pay the next installment on that suit, or the payment on the new car, or the doctor’s bill for Tommy’s scarlet fever? The boss is talking of cutting the office force. Wonder if I’ll survive the cut?” All these disturbing thoughts rush endlessly through his brain as he sits with the blank face of the subway passenger, waiting for his station.

Over in the corner sits a corpulent, well-dressed, affluent sales manager on his way to the office where he can hang up the “In Conference” sign and get the much-needed sleep he missed last night when he was out touring the night clubs with the fourth girl in the first row of the current “Scandals,” while his wife thought he was in Philadelphia at a board meeting. He, too, has his worries, which pound unceasingly through a head befuddled and aching from the after-effects of “pre-war stuff” made six months ago in Yonkers. “Wonder if that big order from the B. & O. Railroad came through suc-

cessfully? Wonder if the sales have gone up this month? If they don't go up soon, I'll be hunting a new position. Have to raise the margin money for that Aluminum Corporation stock today, too, or else I get sold out. Going to be hard, too." He wears the familiar poker face of the commuter, as these troubles race through his brain seemingly chanting: "This is civilization, the great American culture; make the most of it."

Standing up on feet sore from hours of dancing the night before, is a young sales-girl, pretty in an audacious sort of way, displaying her features to the best advantage by means of the current popular brands of cosmetics, artfully applied. Perched on her three-inch heels, she stands balancing automatically against the lurches of the subway car with the aid of a hand thrust through the ever-present hand straps. Her problems are of a different nature.

"Will Bill ask me out Saturday night? Or will he ask Grace instead? Shall I buy that chiffon dress that I saw on sale at Levin's Wednesday, this pay day, or will the old one do until next pay day?" These questions are as vital and important to her as the problems of the executive or the president of corporations.

Also standing is a quiet, refined-looking girl with a bewildered air. She has arrived from a little town in Kansas only a short six months ago. Hers is a hard story. Mother dead; a kid sister back home to support; no experience, only willing. She works in the five-and-ten. She has almost given up hope. Despair has seized her. "Bills must be paid, sis needs money, rent due tomorrow. Where is the money coming from?" All these thoughts roll swiftly through her troubled mind like the great Juggernaut of India, crushing everything else before it. She stands there in the unheeding crush trying to find a solution for her troubles. Little do the passengers, the white-collar workers, the sales managers, the shop girl, know of the problem confronting this inexperienced girl. Even if they did know, it probably wouldn't interest them very much, engrossed as they are with their own troubles. "Every man for himself" is their motto.

The train pulls into the station. The passengers spill forth like so many sheep, pushing with gusto the person ahead, hoping to speed up the movement. The girl, wrapped in her thoughts, automatically walks across the tracks toward the exits. She does not heed the warning of the on-coming train. Fate has taken the solution of her troubles from her hands. Too late, the train crew applies the brakes. A scream resounds through the station and she becomes aware of her danger. She does not want to die. Life, hard as it is, is better than this relentless monster bearing down on her. She stands, paralyzed with terror. A sickening crunch as the train strikes her; a shrill shriek of brake shoes biting into the unheeding wheels; then silence. The train stops, the train crew callously drags the corpse from beneath the wheels. A morgue wagon quickly takes it away. The excitement is over. The bustle and rush is resumed. The evening newspaper states in a brief manner: "Girl dies beneath wheels of subway." No mention is made of the kid sister left without support. Fellow passengers on the car give no thought to the quiet young girl with the bewildered look on her face, as they hurry to their respective desks for the ensuing eight hours. "Every man for himself," is their motto.

An Irish Ghost

C. SCHLICHTMANN, 33J



I BELIEVE it will suffice to tell you that my name is Jimmie. However, to my friends I am known merely as "Freckles," because of my speckled countenance. Nine years ago I was eight years old, and lived on a ranch, situated about one mile south of the little village of Moss Landing. The village, incidentally, is composed of three houses and a store. The surrounding territory is about the most desolate I can imagine. West of the village, the thunderous breakers of the mighty Pacific pound on a sandy beach. For miles around are broad, hay-covered pasture lands, studded here and there with groves of oak trees. In the background are rolling foothills and mountains covered with trees and underbrush. The Salinas River and the Elkhorn Slough wind aimlessly through this region.

To add to the loneliness and air of mystery, there is a cemetery situated about half way between the town and my former home. This cemetery is not large or pretentious, but it is a very mysterious and spooky spot, especially at night. The headstones are mostly wooden ones, of varying shapes and sizes, and are half buried by hay and wheat stalks. A few heavily foliated trees are on the south and west sides. The usual night wind rustling through these trees causes an eerie sound, whose volume is greatly increased by the roar of the nearby ocean.

On a cold, foggy evening in July, Spud Murphy and I were returning home from a fishing trip to Elkhorn Slough. We had hiked to the slough late that afternoon, and because I had had the luck to catch a five-pound halibut, Spud was not content to leave until he had done likewise. Spud was an Irish boy of my own age, and, like many of his race, he was stubborn to a fault. And so it was that we did not head for home until sunset had become evening, and we had become two icicles. On our homeward journey, we followed the road until we reached Moss Landing, and then switched over to the ocean beach and plodded over sand dunes. However, we soon tired of this, and decided to return to the road. Between the road and the ocean, the ground slopes up to a peak. Therefore, we did not know that we were stumbling straight towards the back of the cemetery, and when our eyes fell on the headstones, to say that we were mildly surprised would inadequately describe our feelings. I was for giving the resting place of the dead a wide berth, but Spud, stubborn little fellow that he was, would not do so. In fact, he insisted that we should even venture into the graveyard in order to see if there were anything substantial in the common superstition that cemeteries are the habitat of ghosts. I finally gave in, after his taunts of "being yellow" struck home. I was very frightened, however, and was content to let Spud do all the leading. When Spud started to climb over the fence, I noticed that his teeth, as well as mine, were beating a tattoo, but he conquered his fear and went striding toward the center of the graveyard, where stood the largest headstone.

When he reached this headstone, he placed his hand on it and, turning to me, said, "See, there's nothing ghostly about cemeteries. Come on in."

I was still unassured, however, and remained on what seemed to me the best side of the fence. Hadn't I heard all my life of ghosts in cemeteries? Spud noticed and understood my hesitance, and endeavored still further to persuade me to follow him. "Jiminy crickets," he said, "what are you afraid of? If there were any spooks here, they'd be making noise and—"

But Spud never finished that sentence. You bet he didn't. For at that precise second there rang upon our ears the most nerve-wracking and unearthly cry imaginable, a cry that seemed to stop my heartbeat for several seconds. It seemed to come from one of the trees at the south side of the cemetery, and we both fastened our eyes on it, struck with awe and rooted to the ground.

Finally I managed to gasp, "Wh-what was that?"

"I dunno," answered Spud, "but—" and once more Spud was interrupted. For just then, the moon, which had been obscured by fog and clouds, suddenly broke out from behind them and cast its beams directly on the tree in question. For a split second I saw a patch of white on one of the tree's limbs, and then the moonlight was obscured again. I think Spud said, "That's a ghost," but I'm not sure, because by that time I was running as fast as my legs would carry me. At a short distance from the cemetery, however, I stubbed my toe on something and went sprawling to the ground. There I stayed, not because I was too tired to move, but because I was too scared. I expected at any moment to have a ghost pounce down upon me, and was greatly alarmed to hear footsteps not far behind me. I glanced behind, and was greatly relieved to find it was only Spud pounding along.

"Gee, Freckles, you're a baby," was his first remark.

"Yeah?" I replied, "Well, you ran, too, didn't you?"

"Sure, but only 'cause you did," he retorted.

"Well, let's see you go back then." This last remark of mine finished the conversation for a while.

Finally I broke the silence, and said, "Well, come on, we better beat it while we can."

"No," he insisted, "I'm going back."

I was struck dumb. Finally I gathered my wits together enough to mutter dazedly, "Why?"

"'Cause Johnny Pitt told me that if you run away from a ghost, it will always follow you and finally kill you," he answered.

I argued and pleaded, but I might just as well have argued with a stubborn mule. When Spud Murphy said anything, I might have known he meant it!

"How are we going to fight the ghost?" I asked.

"Well, we can each find a club and take it and some rocks along," he answered.

"How can you hurt a ghost with a club, you sap?" I said. "If you hit at it with a club, you'll just hit the air, 'cause a ghost is made of gas or something."

"It's made of gas, huh?"

"Sure, didn't you know that?"

Spud was stumped for a minute. However, he never took long to reason things out, and soon answered, "Well, I've got a match, and if a ghost is made of gas, I can light the match and throw it at the ghost, and he'll blow up, won't he?"

Spud's reasoning seemed quite logical to me, and so I proceeded as bravely as possible to follow him back to the cemetery. My courage was gradually ebbing, however, as we neared the graveyard.

Spud took out the match, and held it in his right hand in readiness to strike it when the ghost should appear. When we had reached the tree and nothing happened, Spud determined to climb it and cause a show-down between himself and the ghost. Again I protested against what I believed to be downright foolhardiness, and again my protest was in vain. So Spud, with my assistance, clambered up into the lower branches of the tree, and then helped me to do likewise. By this time I was at the stage where I didn't care what happened. Suddenly I heard a rustle in a nearby branch, and both heard and saw Spud strike his match. The light dazzled me momentarily, but then I saw—no, not a ghost or anything resembling one—but a shivering, timid little fox terrier, which had been tied to the branch by some cruel, thoughtless person who ought to be shot, not only for cruelty to animals, but for contributing to the near nervous breakdown of a minor.

Do you wonder that I no longer am afraid of cemeteries?

The Wreck

IN the languid days of late summer, Joan Conrad found a source of uninterrupted contentment on the summit of Devil's Head Hill, in the form of a miniature promontory, luxuriant with thick green grass. Here Joan would lazily recline for hours at a time, inhaling the fragrance of nature, and gazing dreamily at the peaceful scene of the surrounding countryside. Joan could clearly discern the dwarfish, picturesque houses nestling among the rolling hills, the distant mountain ranges concealed in a golden tinge, and the railroad tracks twining in serpentine fashion around the base of Devil's Head Hill—so named because Nature, in one of her more fanciful moods, had carved a remarkable resemblance of Satan into the overhanging cliff.

To the left Joan could see where the main road crossed the railroad tracks, at an angle extremely dangerous to motorists, of which fortunately there were but few; for since the completion of a new highway farther south, the road was little used.

The shrill, haunting "toot toot" of the whistle of an approaching train sounded in Joan's ears, and she glanced at the twining railroad tracks. Soon a locomotive thundered into view, and at the same instant an automobile flashed toward the crossing. The car and the train were approaching the crossing at equal speed, and both were an equal distance away. With a roar the car swerved around the dangerous bend and crashed headlong into the locomotive. When Joan opened her eyes the twisted wreckage of the automobile lay strewn about the crossing. She tumbled down the slope in precipitous haste. Panting heavily, the frightened girl fell back in amazement at what she viewed. Several cameras were focused at the crossing and were clicking merrily. A stout, middle-aged man yelled through a megaphone, "We'll have to shoot that wreck over, it looked too good."

CAMILLA IGLESIAS, 33J.

Christmas Customs

W. DIETZ, 33X



OLD Christmas has lately taken possession of the streets and hearts of San Francisco. Garlands sway from lamp-post to lamp-post; colored lights wink through December fogs; there is everywhere the smell of spice, of tinsel, of candle smoke and of fir. Greeting cards in red, gold, and silver fill every window space; Santa Clauses, thin or fat, make gay the corners at Powell and Market and at Grant and Geary. Gifts sparkle from counters, and bulky bundles protrude from under shoppers' arms. Laborer Jones gets chummy with Banker Allen as the two of them choose Christmas trees for small Joneses and twin Allens. Everywhere there's talk of gifts and Christmas fetes, gleam of mistletoe and holly, and glitter of greeting cards.

Who is it that started this orgy of spending at Christmas time? Who is it that first transformed a fir tree into a beautiful, sparkling symbol of happiness at Christmas time? Who is it whose pocketbook was so flat that he couldn't buy presents for all his friends, and whose wrist got so tired from writing Christmas letters that he invented the greeting card as a substitute for both gifts and letters?

The Romans started this custom of giving presents, like many other things, long ago when they had a certain festive period in which they gave gifts to the emperor. The festive period corresponded to our Christmas, and the people reasoned that since they liked their friends as much, or better, than they did the emperor they might as well send gifts to their friends also. Out of this Roman practice came our own custom of gift-giving.

The Germans are given credit for originally using the Christmas tree. The fir was used in various forms from pagan days up to the present day festivals. The modern idea was first conceived by Martin Luther, who got his inspiration while walking during a clear, starry Christmas Eve. With a winter sky in mind he went home and decorated a tree with candles for his son. Since then the Christmas tree has formed a permanent part of the German Christmas. From Germany it has spread to the rest of the world.

The rituals of the Druids are the first known ceremonies in which the mistletoe was used. It was supposed to possess miraculous powers and could cure all of man's diseases as well as make the fields fruitful. Holly, that other shrub which we see so much at Christmas time, has always been associated with good luck and predictions for the future. It was also regarded as a protection against witches.

Our present custom of sending Christmas cards originated in England in 1846. Sir Henry Cole, a British Knight, had many friends whom he wanted to reach with some remembrance at Christmas. He went to an artist friend, John Horsley, who designed the forerunner of the beautiful cards which we use today. It contained two figures representing acts of charity flanked by a central figure of a merry party.

Following this first card came many others in a wide variety of designs which generally favored a religious setting. Our handsomely engraved cards of today all express that same fundamental greeting that the first card did eighty-five years ago—"Good Will Towards Men."

On the Art of Coming Late

PAULINE STEIN, 33J

PUNCTUALITY, I have been told, is one of the greatest assets, and a most necessary one for successful, organized living. However, trying to be on time has become the bane of my existence. It is only by constant planning, minute clock watching, the expending of much nervous energy, and the final scrambling, that I manage to get to places at the appointed time. And why people fuss so much about minutes, when I see them wasting so many during the day, is more than I can understand.

Take Mr. Smith, my former employer, as an example. In order to get to Mr. Smith's office, I daily crossed one corner of Central Park, around the West Seventies of New York City. It was lots of fun going by way of the park. One didn't have to twist one's neck off in the effort to see the sky, as one did walking along the business section of town. And then, of course, there were Bill and the pigeons. Bill, the gardener, was a lonely old fellow, and I knew he looked forward to his daily morning chat with me. I knew all his aches and pains; his plans and dreams that he had entertained when a young man; and how they had been frustrated. Then, too, the pigeons had to be fed. A flock of them had settled down in the park, and since the weather had grown cold, people were no longer passing through and feeding them. Bill told me they were always hungry.

Couldn't Mr. Smith understand that had I given up even one morning of Bill and the pigeons and actually arrived at the office on time, that I should have spent the entire morning thinking about them; dreaming away the morning, much as Mary Jane dreamed away her mornings thinking about her boy friend? Was Mr. Smith blind to the fact that, because I had not inhibited the desire to talk with Bill and feed the pigeons, I had come to the office in a very cheerful and unified frame of mind, pitched into my work with a zest, and accomplished more in that morning than Mary Jane did in the entire week? But, no! The important thing was the form—being on time. Mary Jane arrived at 8:55 each morning, and received very pleasant smiles. I arrived at 9:05 and received heavy scowls, and often heard mutterings to the effect that the young lady (meaning me) was keeping bankers' hours! At Christmas time, Mary Jane received a raise in salary, whereas I got nothing more than a card of Christmas greetings with a sentence scribbled on the end of it, reminding me to come in on time mornings! Strange are the ways of man.

And so here I stand, on the outside looking in, wondering how it is that other people find it so easy to be on time; they seem to be so nonchalant about getting to places, but they get there in time just the same. And I am wistfully hoping that some day I shall finally succeed in being a more virtuous creature with not quite so much effort.

The Signed Waybill

BURKE SMITH, 33X

*"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE had many experiences, odd, sad, funny. But I am a matter-of-fact person and I have found an explanation for all these experiences—that is, for all but one, which, ponder as I will, I cannot explain. Perhaps you can.

This peculiar experience happened while I had a position as a sort of handyman with a prominent shoe store. I ran the elevators while the girls were at lunch. I helped at the wrapping desk during the rushes. In fact, I did everything but actually sell.

Since today is the day of competition and every modern store must offer its maximum of service, my employers had an efficient delivery service. But this regular delivery was insufficient because there are always a few people who want their packages at some unusual hour. It was necessary, therefore, to supplement this service with messenger boys who could be called upon to deliver packages anywhere at any time. This messenger service was one of the most interesting phases of my work, for my errands led me on many adventures, including even a trip by air ferry to Oakland.

In theory, all there is to delivering a package is to take it to the person addressed and have him sign a waybill. But, in practice, the errands include everything from dodging traffic to pacifying enraged old "B. A.'s." "B. A." stands for "Battle Axe," a truly mild description.

One day, in the course of my morning's work, I was given a package to deliver to an address on Valencia Street. I had already learned the futility of attempting in any way to guess the nature of my destination, so I contented myself with the observation that I had a trolley ride ahead of me.

At that time I had ambitions to get an old car for myself, so I was quite excited at the chance to do some window shopping. Luck was with me and I got a seat by the window on the trolley. It was not long before I spied an old coupe on whose windshield was soaped \$35. "Gee," I thought, "fair enough. Twenty dollars is all I'll give him for it, though. I bet he takes it." A roadster soon replaced the coupe in my dreams. After that there was no keeping track of all my dreams. A more direct result of this window shopping than buying a car was the fact that I passed my destination by several blocks. There was nothing to do but to walk back, which I did hurriedly, because I remembered a warning to be back at the store by eleven o'clock.

By now I had read the address several times, yet I read it again when I found that the package was addressed to a mortuary. There was no mistake; I had the right place, the mortuary of Butler and Cooper.

The building had no doorbell, so I walked right in. I found myself in a dark hall, shaped like a T. The upright ran down the center of the house and the cross ran the

width, terminating in a staircase at one end. The hall was so dark that several lights were burning from wall brackets. The floor was covered with heavy carpet which deadened all sounds of footsteps. The heavily draped curtains admitted no light.

Remembering that I must be back on time I called out, "Hello." My voice echoed back and forth along the corridor. But I received no answer. I called again, and again heard only the resounding echo. Before I admitted defeat, I shouted, but to no avail. Then it entered my head that perhaps there was someone in one of the rooms off the hall who had not heard me.

In the first room I entered were not one, but several people who had not heard me. But these people would never hear anything more, for they were dead. The room was well lighted. The woodwork was painted white, and in every way it resembled a modern hospital. The corpses were completely covered by sheets and I did not molest them. A most disagreeable odor permeated the room and I lost no time in leaving.

Across the hall was another room and I resolved to try my luck there. This room had two heavily draped windows which admitted no light. A chandelier in the center of the room revealed several coffins. No two of these coffins were alike. Each had on its side a neat card stating its price. The more expensive coffins were placed on fine tables in conspicuous places, and the cheaper ones were in obscure corners.

When I left this room I heard someone coming down the stairs. An old man, apparently feeble, his face a mask of wrinkles, descended. He said nothing, but gave me a look which was eloquent enough.

"I have a package for Charles Butler," I said.

"I'll take it," and with that he snatched the package from my arm.

"Well?" he asked, as I did not leave.

"It must be signed for," I answered, handing him the waybill.

"Where?"

"Opposite the name of Charles Butler."

Up to now he had looked at me searchingly. I was becoming more and more uncomfortable. He took the paper over to a table under a light. He was about to sign the paper when something about it stopped him.

"It is already signed," he said.

He handed me back the waybill, and to my utter amazement I saw that what he had said was true.

MISTAKEN

*I always thought that roses grew
In rambling gardens wet with dew;
But now, since I've met you I know,
In friendly hearts, more roses grow.*

—M. V.

From My Diary

CURTIS W. PRENDERGAST, 32J



DECEMBER 29, 1930. Cape Town. Came back from the interior today. Infernally hot. They tell me that it has been this way for several days. I hope it cools off—I never did like the heat. Took a stroll along the Table Bay waterfront. The region around Table Bay has always interested me, but never as it has today.

“Tavern of the Seas”—it is still the halfway point on many a long sea road. It was quite an experience. Brightly painted English boats, rails crowded with cheering, handkerchief-waving tourists. Dingy tramps with the weeds of the tropics still on their rust-caked hulls. Large, comfortable Dutch ships, stout little whalers, bravely setting forth for new adventures in the Antarctic. Long Chinese boats with the same monotonous line of yellow faces peering from the ports. “Tavern of the Seas”—teeming with every form of humanity—loafers, whites clad in dirty linens, Boers, tourists seeing the “real Cape Town.”

December 31, 1930. Cape Town. As I write my account of the day, I begin to doubt the reality of the whole thing. I left the hotel about ten in the evening, with no special destination, but after a while I noticed that I was on the road leading to Signal Hill. The night was rather warm, but the heat was not like that of the late afternoon or early evening. The moon was not out, but by the light of the stars I could see the bay as it spread out into the darkness. The lights from the waterfront dives blinked up at me.

What made me turn my steps, I do not know. It was getting late, so I stopped to get my bearings before going any farther. It was then that I noticed the peculiar quality of the air. Over everything hung a deathlike calm. The air felt charged, oppressive, stifling. Gone was the heat of the afternoon; gone were the stars, and the clouds about Table Mountain were black, foreboding, and ominous. A few fat drops splashed on me; soon the rain came down hard-driving and stinging. I ran for shelter to a small copse. As I stood, shivering, chilled to the bone, waiting for the storm to blow over, I noticed a solitary star that could be seen faintly through the few trees that stood out alone, dimly silhouetted against the lowering sky. The star suddenly went out, and then came on again. It was not a star; it was a light, over to my left about a hundred yards.

After several minutes of stumbling and groping blindly among the rocks and undergrowth, I arrived at the most singular dwelling that I have ever set my eyes upon. It was built completely of driftwood. The front was shaped like the prow of a ship, and at the peak was a carved figurehead, the familiar nymph with outspread arms that draped back along the sides of the ship. The door was placed under the figurehead—a heavy oaken door with a round port near the top. Over the threshold hung a ship's bell, which tinkled faintly with the shifting wind.

I beat furiously on the door for the wind was blowing and the rain was falling with more force than ever; my face stung from the needle-like drops. Shortly I heard someone stirring within the cavernous depths of the strange abode. I heard the sound of heavy steps; the door swung open. A thick, brawny arm shoved a lantern into my face; a deep voice asked me what I wanted. In the cheeriest tone that I could muster, I replied that I would like to come in until the rain stopped.

"Certainly, laddie, this has been the port of many a landlubber during a storm," he replied, much to my elation.

Inside, the place was even more intriguing than the outside. The rough gray boards strangely distorted the shadows caused by the fire that burned merrily on the hearth. Close by was a bunk, with a ship's lantern above it. A picture of a woman in her early twenties, taken about 1850, kept company with brightly colored prints of ships under full sail. My host, his thick beard streaked with white, his small eyes twinkling, his face round, ruddy and weatherbeaten, took a chair near the fire. I sat on the floor, entranced.

After a while, I stooped to wipe up some rain that had leaked in. I seized a newspaper from the table that stood at the side, wiped up the water, and threw the paper into the fire. It flared up; the headlines held my gaze: "'NEW BEDFORD' SAILS INTO BAY EMPTY, GROUNDS ON ROCKS." I saw the date just before the flames crept over it: April 19, 1900. I glanced at my host. He merely smiled.

"That's what made me quit the sea. They never could find out why she came into the bay without a soul on board. I did," he said briefly. He rose and went over to a brass-bound sea chest that I had not noticed before. He returned, carrying a warped, faded book. On the cover were the words: "Log—Whaler 'New Bedford'." I opened it, but the yellow pages stuck together. I could not read a word; the ink was blurred from age and weather. I returned the book to him; as I did so, a much folded letter dropped out. He nodded approvingly as I started to read.

"That explains it all," he remarked, between puffs on an ancient briar. I read on:

"Dear Jenny: I regret deeply that this voyage is to be unsuccessful. This is the twenty-fourth month of failure. There is only a small cargo, the food and water are running low, and the crew threaten mutiny."

(The next part seems to have been written several months later.)

"I must continue this epistle. I only hope that it will reach you. While putting in for water at a small cluster of islands in the South Pacific, a native came aboard and offered to show me, in return for a few gallons of liquor, the location of vast pearl-bearing oyster beds. He then produced two of the largest and most perfect pearls that I have ever seen. Later, under the leadership of the mate, the crew pried from the unsuspecting native the long-sought information concerning the location of the oysters.

"The crew, mad with the desire for wealth, mutinied. I was rendered unconscious in the fray. I regained consciousness only to find myself imprisoned in my own cabin. I was insane with rage, and vowed revenge on the crew, and on creation in general. Soon reason replaced passion, and I set about to free myself. After hours of tedious labor, I succeeded in whittling the hinges from the door. I immediately rushed to the

deck and found that the crew, to a man, had left the ship. The ship itself was riding at anchor not far from a palm-covered island. With the aid of a glass, I made out the crew and the longboats on the shore. Then, rashly, I did a deed that I shall always regret. I weighed anchor and allowed the 'New Bedford' to drift."

(The writing here appeared fainter, as though the strength of the writer had waned.)

"I have been adrift for many days. The wind is dead; the water is gone. I will not die of hunger or thirst. In life, I have sailed the seas; in death, I shall rest beneath them. Farewell, Jenny, dear.

JOHN WALTON, Master, Whaler New Bedford."

Silently, I handed the letter back to him.

"John Walton was my father. I will finish the story for you," he said softly. "On April 19, 1900, the New Bedford sailed into Table Bay. Not a soul was on board. A storm was blowing up; the 'New Bedford' grounded on the rocks. I borrowed a dory and rowed out to the wreck. The waves nearly swept me overboard as I went through the hull. I saved the log and my father's sextant. In a leather bag, attached to my mother's picture, which hung on the wall, were the pearls. I saved them also. I picked up the bell and the lantern the next day. I built this shack from the driftwood. That was thirty years ago. I never shipped again."

He rose and fetched a small leather bag from a brass-bound sea chest that I had not noticed before. He opened the bag, and out rolled two pearls of exquisite beauty.

January 1, 1931. Returned to the hotel in a daze and slept for twelve hours. I told the clerk and the others what had happened the night before. They tapped their heads significantly. I must have been drunk, they said.

January 2, 1931. Took a walk up to the shack today. It was deserted. I looked out to the sea. On the rim of the ocean, a white dot appeared, that rapidly took the shape of a ship under full canvas, white sails bellying out in the breeze. Far down the hill, I noticed a solitary figure slowly carrying a brass-bound sea chest.

I can't figure out why the old man left after staying for thirty years. Why? The windjammer? Had thirty years failed to silence the call of the sea?

INSPIRATION

*I saw some curling flowers,
With little blue-belled wings,
That danced on the breeze
Like the queen of the bees—
They taught me songs to sing.*

—P. S.

Autographs





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